

THE
MONTHLY
OCTOBER 1954

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SIR JOHN McEWEN

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By

SIR JOHN McEWEN

IT IS THE FASHION of this day and generation to pay particular honour to the peasant saint. Nor need we be ashamed of so doing. But we do well to remember that not shepherds alone, but kings also, came to the Manger, and that among the glittering company of the saints are to be found not only those who have triumphed over the temptations inherent in poverty and obscurity, but likewise those who have surmounted the no less insidious temptations which beset such as Almighty God has called to walk in the high places of this world.

Of those who have so walked King Louis IX of France remains one of the most outstanding examples of all time. He was born in 1215 and died in 1270. His life therefore spans that marvellous century of which it has been said that it saw the evolution of the most Christian society in history. This was the age in France of the guilds and the universities; of the founding of the Sorbonne; of the bridge-builders; of the first light-houses; when food-giving plants and fruit trees were imported from Spain and Sicily; when the vine was cultivated as far north as Normandy and Flanders. Above all this was the Age of Faith, when the great cathedrals began to rise. Then, as we read, "every time that great blocks of stone were drawn from the quarry the people of the country, and even those from neighbouring districts, gentry and peasants alike, had the cords attached to their arms, chests or shoulders and drew the loads along like beasts of burden." And at the head of it all, ruling, inspiring and directing every effort on the part of his people, was the King himself, the pattern of all chivalry, the finest flower that the age produced.

Of what manner of man he was we have ample evidence, and even through the mists of seven hundred years he stands out as a vivid, live and captivating personality. In appearance he was

tall and of a spare figure, with fair hair and blue eyes. Of a serious and determined expression in repose, his features, when he smiled, conveyed a charm and *bonté* that were irresistible. He had a liking for fine clothes, was a good horseman, and was generous to a fault. He feared God but no man, and was no great respecter of persons.

Louis IX came to the throne while he was yet a child, and his youth was spent under the tutelage of his mother, Blanche of Castile, who was Regent, a lady of strong character and great integrity. Queen Blanche has sometimes been harshly judged, but at least it can be said of her that she was a successful mother, for every one of her children grew up to be a credit to her. She was, first and foremost, pious. The story is told of a German youth, a son of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who visited the Court. Him "the Queen kissed upon the forehead for devotion's sake, for she knew that his mother must oftentimes have kissed him there." That was her admirable side. She had another, less admirable, side to her character however. She was over-jealous and possessive as a mother. The chief sufferer from this weakness was her eldest and favourite son. When the young king married Margaret of Provence his mother did her best to see that he and his wife—they were little more than children—never met or spoke to one another all day. The only time they were allowed to meet was when they went to bed together at night. For this reason, Joinville tells us, the King ever preferred Pontoise to all his other castles as there he and his wife lived in rooms which were situated one above the other and joined by a communicating stair. On this stairway the couple would meet while their servants would give warning at the outer doors to enable the pair to be back in their several chambers by the time the Queen Mother put in an appearance.

Queen Blanche was never a popular figure in the country of her adoption. Like many another Queen of France after her she suffered in the eyes of her subjects from being a foreigner and, more particularly, a Spaniard. It was a sign of the growing sense of nationality then beginning to develop. Louis IX was the first king to call himself King of France instead of, after the hitherto prevailing Merovingian custom, King of the Franks. Which latter title, oddly enough, was to be revived six hundred years later as an isolated instance by King Louis-Philippe, in 1830.

Nevertheless St. Louis was deeply attached to his mother and remained for days inconsolable when the news of her death reached him in the Holy Land in 1254. One valuable lesson at least she taught him (it was one in any case which was in keeping with the traditions of his line) which was that the Crown should look for support from the people and the bourgeoisie as against the power of the nobles. This was to remain the wise tradition of the French monarchy up to the death of Charles IV and the accession of the Valois dynasty in 1328. It was the House of Valois that, in defiance of their saintly predecessor's advice, chose to lean exclusively on the nobility for support and thus called down on their own heads the later disasters of the Hundred Years' War. During a revolt of some of the vassals of the Crown which took place in the early years of the reign, we are told that the common folk thronged round the little king as he passed, wishing him long life and victory, thus affirming the alliance between them. This lesson the King never forgot. Nor were his partners in the alliance any less faithful to it than he. Later, in 1251, when the news reached France that the King had fallen into the hands of the Infidel, bands of men, women and children—the *Pastoureaux*—rose up in the northern provinces, avowing their intention of going to his rescue and capturing Jerusalem. The fact that under ignorant leadership they fell into evil ways and had to be suppressed by force in no way detracts from the significance of the movement which they started.

The Court was patriarchal in character. It was perpetually on the move from one large monastery to another, mostly in the neighbourhood of Paris, never remaining long in any one place. From Vincennes to St. Germain, then on to Fontainebleau, Poissy, Montargis and Vernon; such was the usual round. Apart from the personal holiness of the monarch himself, the sacerdotal nature of the monarchic office was much in evidence. Nor was it for nothing that the cloister rather than the palace was the customary royal residence as can be seen from the following description of the King's daily routine of devotion: "Every day he heard his Hours with music, and a Requiem Mass without music, and then the Mass of the day or the holy day, if there fell one, with music. Every day he rested after meat on his bed. And when he had rested, the Office of the Dead was said privately in his chamber between him and one of his chaplains before he

heard Vespers. At night he heard Compline." Beyond this he was tireless in seeing to the affairs of his kingdom, making known to all and sundry by word and deed his passionate desire for peace abroad with all Christian kings, and justice as between man and man for all his subjects at home. Any individual from the meanest to the greatest could bring his or her plea in person before the King. And so it is that we see him, as tradition has fondly pictured him ever since, sitting beneath the oak tree at Vincennes and administering impartial justice to his people. And if ever there was a just man it was he. "If a poor man quarrels with a rich one," he says in his famous Testament, addressed to his son, "support the poor man more than the rich, until the truth is discovered." Here is no mere courting of the common man; no precept based on flattery of the vulgar. "Until the truth is discovered": upon that discovery must all justice be based. To his brother, Charles of Anjou, he said: "There should be one king in France and one king only. Think not therefore, because you are my brother, that I shall spare you against right and justice." And, while well known for the particular love he bore to all "who serve God and His Blessed Mother," yet he did not hesitate to rebuke the representatives of Holy Church when he considered that their conduct deserved it. Even to the Pope himself he was prepared to speak out on occasion, and in such a way moreover as left no room for misunderstanding. Yet for all his independence of mind and moral courage he was far from trusting exclusively to his own personal judgment. On the contrary, when faced with any decision of importance, he would always be most careful to consult with his advisers upon the matter beforehand; then having carefully digested their advice he would make his own opinion known, which, having been stated, was final. But it was above all his humility which forms one of his most endearing characteristics. Joinville tells of how the King, being newly come to land after his first Crusade, was offered by, and accepted from, the Abbot of Cluny the gift of two palfreys, one for himself and the other for the Queen. While making the presentation the Abbot remarked that, with his majesty's permission, he would return on the morrow and speak to the King "of his needs." The next day, the royal consent having been readily obtained, the Abbot returned and remained closeted for a goodly space of time with his sovereign.

When the Abbot had gone thence [Joinville goes on] I came to the King and said: "I would ask you, an it please you, if you have listened to the Abbot with a better grace since yesterday he gave you those two palfreys?" The King thought for a long while and then replied: "In sooth, aye." "Sire," said I, "I commend and counsel you that you forbid all your sworn councillors when you shall come into France that they take aught from those that have business to bring before you, for be you certain, an they take it, they will hear more gladly and more diligently those that have made such gifts, even as you have heard the Abbot of Cluny. Then the King summoned his Council and recounted to them forthwith what I had said to him. And they said that I had given him good counsel.

Such was the good King's nobility of mind that it would not occur to him to impute unworthy motives, but the flaw in his behaviour having been pointed out to him, such was his complete lack of vanity, that after giving it careful consideration he makes full and generous acknowledgment of the justice of his critic's remarks. God, we are told, loved King David, and it is surely permissible to conjecture that He loved King Louis for very much the same reasons: for in many respects those two great kings were very much alike.

The saintly King, however, when the occasion called for it, could be severe enough. It happened, for instance, that on the voyage home from the Holy Land at the Queen's behest he sent two galleys into Pantellaria to obtain fresh fruit for the royal children. The King's ship was already past the island but no signs were there of the galleys returning, and hopes were expressed that they should hurry on and leave the galleys to their fate since, situated as they were between the unfriendly kingdoms of Sicily and Tunis, they feared for the safety of the King and his family. He, however, would not hear of it and insisted on turning back. So back they went and presently met the truant galleys on the way. They explained that six children on board had landed and had become so taken up with the delights of eating the various fruits they found on the island that they had not returned to the ship at the hour prescribed.

Then the King ordered that for punishment they should be put in the ship's boat. But they began to cry out: "Sire, for God's sake, fine us all that we have but put us not there where thieves and murderers are put, for ever afterwards it will be a reproach to us.'

The Queen and the rest of us did all we could to beg them off. But to no plea would the King listen, and there they were put and remained until we came to land. Moreover [the chronicler adds] it served them right, for their gluttony did us such harm that we were delayed a good eight days because the King had the ships turned about.

It may be suspected, however, that neither the delay which they had caused him to suffer nor their sinful gluttony was the true reason of the King's severity towards these offenders. For if there was one sin more than another that he detested it was that of swearing. To him it was a form of blasphemy, and he never could abide it. "I had willingly," he once remarked, "be branded by a hot iron if by that covenant all evil swearing might be banished out of my realm." Joinville asserts that in all the twenty-two years he was in his company he never once heard the King swear "by God, or by His Holy Mother, or by the saints, but that when he was of a mind to affirm aught he would say 'Truly it was thus' and 'Truly it is so.' Nor did he ever name the Devil save it were in some book when it behoved him to name him." Another saintly leader of the nation one hundred and fifty years later, St. Joan, was to feel no less strongly on this very point than he.

The King, as has been said, was a man of peace. He would defend himself at need (and did so highly successfully at one time against the English), but as a general principle he abhorred the thought of war between Christian men. "Keep thyself from beginning war," he warned his son, "without grave deliberations, against a Christian Prince, and if wars and dissensions arise among thy subjects, make peace between them as soon as lieth in thy power." There was, however, one cause in which he held that all men should be proud to take up arms, and that was against the Infidel. It is perhaps difficult for us, looking back, to realize how passionately men felt in the Middle Ages—even the least pious of men—about the city and Holy Places of Jerusalem. The fact that they were in the hands of unbelievers was a continual challenge. It was as if every man's mother was in captivity and crying aloud to him for rescue. And St. Louis, who had seen to the placing of the sacred Relics of the Passion, purchased at a great price, within the splendid chapel he had built for their reception in Paris, was of all men most likely to feel the reproach

as a slur on the very honour of Christendom. And so it was that in 1244, to mark his recovery from a serious illness, he took the Cross, and four years later, after elaborate preparation, set sail for the East.

Into the complicated details of the ensuing campaign it is not necessary to enter. Suffice it to say that a landing was effected at Damietta in Egypt in the face of a large enemy force drawn up on the shore. The noise they made with their drums and Saracen horns was horrible to hear, the Sieur de Joinville tells us. However, in spite of their formidable appearance they were unable to withstand the French onslaught and retired inland, leaving Damietta in the invaders' hands. After this there followed many months of intermittent warfare composed of forays and charges, in all of which the King played a leading part. Eventually, cholera and dysentery having decimated their ranks, the Crusaders were defeated at Mansourah when the King, together with all his surviving knights, was taken prisoner. He was by this time a very sick man and was treated with great harshness by his captors, who kept him in strict confinement and threatened him with torture if he would not renounce his faith. His proud and steadfast bearing in the face of such menaces and under the burden of his misfortunes became a legend throughout the Christian world and called forth even the admiration of his Saracen foes, who at last agreed to accept a sum of 250,000 crowns for the deliverance of the army, and the return of Damietta for the deliverance of the King's own person. For as he himself proudly said, "he was not of such a sort as should be bought back with gold."

All that remained of the once great host, an impoverished and fever-stricken remnant, now took to their ships and sailed up the coast as far as Acre. There they took up their quarters, fortifying the castle and the town, until such time as they should have sufficiently recovered to renew the war.

It is interesting to note that neither the failure of the expedition nor his own capture by the enemy had in any way diminished the authority or prestige which by this time had become so universally attached to the King's name. On the contrary his fame now stood higher than ever. One day, while the army lay at Acre, an Armenian pilgrimage making for Jerusalem under safe-conduct from the Saracens reached the camp. The leaders

of the pilgrimage made special request that they and their followers might be allowed to see "the saintly King." The Sieur de Joinville accordingly went to the King, whom he found sitting on the ground at the entrance to his tent, and said, "'Sire, there is without a band of many folk from Great Armenia that are going to Jerusalem, and they pray me that I show them the saintly King: but I have no wish as yet to kiss your bones.' And the King laughed aloud and told me to go seek them; which I did. And when they had seen the King they commended him to God, and he them." That his plans should have miscarried was sad indeed; but it was the will of God. What mattered was how he had borne himself in the face of his misfortunes; and that, God be thanked, was a cause of rejoicing to all Christian men wherever they might be.

It happened about this time that a message came from France from Queen Blanche urging her son to return home, as the situation there demanded his presence. The King was sorely put to it to know what to do. On the one hand it was on his conscience that he had been away from his kingdom for so long, and he felt in duty bound to comply with his mother's wishes. In which direction also his brothers and all his Council were urging him. On the other hand, his power was daily growing and he might yet hope to achieve his heart's desire and take Jerusalem. So he called together his Council and asked them for their opinion. They all advised an immediate return to France. Two voices only were raised on the other side, and one of them was Joinville's. But the story throws so much light on the King's character that it is best told in the Seneschal's own words:

Which answer did I make, not because I would not have gone with him very willingly, but because of a saying of my cousin, the lord of Bourlemon, that he made to me when I was setting out across the seas. "You go oversea," he said; "now take heed to your coming back. For no knight, whether rich or poor, can come back without dishonour if he leave in the hands of the Saracens the meanner folk of Our Lord in whose company he set forth." The Legate now asked me, very wroth, how it could be that the King could hold the field with so few men as he had. And I answered, as if wroth likewise: "Sir, I will tell you, an it please you. They say, Sir (I know not if it be true) that the King hath not yet spent any of his own moneys, but only the moneys of the clergy. Let the King

disburse his own moneys and send beyond the seas to seek knights. And when they hear the news that the King payeth well and generously knights will come to him from all parts, whereby he may hold the field for a year, if God wills. And by his staying will the poor prisoners be delivered who have been taken captive in God's service and his, who will never come out if the King go hence." Then the King said to us: "Lords, I have hearkened to you and I will make answer to you of what it shall please me to do, in eight days from now." When we had gone thence the assault upon me began from all sides: "Now, Lord of Joinville, is the King a fool that he gave heed to thee against all the Council of the realm of France?" When the tables were laid the King had me sit next him at meat, where he used ever to have me sit if his brethren were not there. But never did he speak to me as long as the meal lasted, which was not his custom, for he used always to take notice of me while we were eating. And I thought truly that he was wroth with me for that I had said that he had not yet disbursed his moneys and that he should spend freely. As the King was hearing grace, I went to a barred window that was in an embrasure; and I put my arms through the bars and thought that if the King went back to France I would go to the Prince of Antioch (who counted me kin) until such time as another expedition should come whereby the prisoners might be set free according to the counsel that the Lord of Bourlemont had given me. At this instant the King came and leaned upon my shoulder and held me with his two hands upon my head. And I thought that it was my Lord Philip of Nemours, who had given me annoyance enow for the counsel that I had given the King, and I spake thus: "Leave me in peace, my lord Philip." But at the turning of my head the King's hand fell across my face and I knew it was he by the emerald he wore upon his finger. And he said to me: "Keep you quiet, for I would ask you how you are so bold that you, who are but a young man, didst dare to counsel my staying against all the great and wise men of France who counselled my going." "Sire," said I, "had I evil in my heart I would not advise you for aught to do it." "Say you that I should do evil were I to go?" "God help me, Sire, aye." Then he said to me: "If I stay will you stay?" And I said, "Yea, if I can, whether at mine own expense or another's." "Then be you content," said he, "for I owe you thanks for that which you counselled me. But tell no one all this week."

So he stayed for another year and more. But apart from one or two small feats of arms no great thing was accomplished. Much building of towers and ramparts was carried out at Acre,

Jaffa, Sidon and other towns, and we have a glimpse of the King at one such place "carrying a hod upon his back, among the workmen, for the remission of his sins." The sort of action in a commander that Napoleon would have appreciated, although without even beginning to understand the motives which in this case prompted it.

It was probably the death of the Queen Mother in 1254, who had been acting as Regent during her son's absence, that made the King's return home imperative. In any case the following spring saw him, with the Queen and his family, once more in France. He was still a young man, but the hardships and anxieties of the past five years had told upon his health and he now looked older than his years. It was noted also "that after the King was come back from beyond the seas never again did he wear ermine or miniver, or scarlet, or gilded stirrups or spurs. His robes were of grogram or of watched cloth; the furs of his coverlets or of his robes were of wild goat or lamb." Temperate as he had been all his life in the matter of eating and drinking, his strictness in this respect became even greater. These increasing austerities were, however, of a purely personal nature and were not imposed upon the Court at large. Like the great gentleman that he was he was even prepared to abate the rigours of his own private way of life in the interest of good manners, for, we are told, "when any rich strangers ate with him he was good company to them." But ever on his conscience lay the weight of that all-important task which yet remained to be accomplished. It was to him a wholly unbearable thought that those walls which had maybe echoed his Saviour's voice, the ground that had been drenched with his Redeemer's most precious Blood, should remain alienated and in non-Christian hands. Was it possible that so plain and ringing a challenge could by any true heart be ignored? And yet he could see that so far as his councillors were concerned the prospect of taking the Cross for a second time made small enough appeal. "Tell me, Seneschal," he said sadly one day, "why it is that a man of integrity is worth more than a devout man." If he could not persuade men to go for the love of God, surely by appealing to their honour he could move them. And by one or other means move them he did. Not all, however; for the faithful Joinville excused himself on the grounds that it would be to the grave hurt and harm of his people were he once more to leave them.

Of this last Crusade, he says, he can tell us nothing since, he adds with that mixture of piety and common sense that endears him as much to us as it ever did to his royal master, "I was not there, thank God." One thing yet remained to do. In case he should not return he must endeavour to indicate to his son the lines of behaviour which a Christian king ought to follow. So was written what came to be known as the Testament of St. Louis, surely one of the great Christian documents of all time.

Beau fils [it begins], the first thing is to set thine heart to love God, for without this can no man be saved. . . . It were better to fall into all manner of torments than to fall into mortal sin. . . . If God send thee adversity, receive it with patience, giving thanks to Our Lord and bethink thee that thou hast deserved it and that He will turn it to thy profit. If He give thee prosperity, thank Him for it with humility, that thou be not the worse by reason of pride. For one should not contend against God with His gifts. Confess thyself often, and choose a worthy man for thy confessor that will know how to teach thee what thou shouldst do and refrain from doing. Bear thyself also in such wise that thy confessor and thy friends also will dare to reprove thee for thy misdeeds. Hear thou the services of Holy Church with devotion and pray to God . . . especially at Mass when the sacring is done. Be tender and pitiful towards the poor, the wretched and the afflicted; comfort and help them according to thy power. Support the good customs of the realm and suppress evil. Be not a greedy ruler. Burden not the people with taxes and tolls unless it be for thy great need. . . . Take heed that thou have men of worth and loyalty about thee and speak thou often with them. Let no man be so bold before thee as to speak ill of another behind his back, neither suffer any vile speech concerning God or his saints to be spoken in thy presence. Be thou righteous and steady with thy people, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. If thou holdest aught that is another's . . . if the matter be certain, restore it without delay. . . . Give the benefices of Holy Church to men of virtue. . . . Keep thyself from beginning war . . . but if it behoveth thee to do it, protect Holy Church and those that have done naught wrong therein. . . . Be diligent to have good judges. . . . Take heed that the expenses of thy household be within measure. . . . And finally, most sweet son, have thou Masses sung for my soul and prayer made throughout thy realm, and grant me an especial and open part in all thy good deeds that thou shalt do. . . .

In face of this Testament, as one historian has justly observed, the civic wisdom of the ancients, from Solon to Marcus Aurelius, fades; for these are words of one who through experience of faith and hope has won to peace and to the possession of that charity which is greater even than they.

All was therefore now in order, and in the early summer of the year 1270 the King left France for the last time. They set sail from Aigues-Mortes and at Tunis, for reasons that still remain obscure, the army disembarked and laid siege to Carthage. Within a week or so of landing, plague broke out in the ranks of the besiegers. The King's health was in any case precarious. For many months past he had been too weak to mount a horse, while the jolting involved in travelling in a cart was almost more than his strength could stand. It is not surprising therefore that he fell an early victim to the epidemic. The end was not long delayed. He received the Last Sacraments and was able to repeat the alternate verses of the penitential psalms as the priest recited them. In the midst of his sufferings he was heard to call many times on St. James, and also upon St. Denis and St. Geneviève whom, as protectors of his country, he would naturally hold in special devotion. Shortly before the end he asked to be laid on a bed of ashes on the ground; and so, with his hands folded peacefully upon his breast, he died. Some say that at the last moment, raising up his eyes, he said in a loud voice, "Hierusalem! Hierusalem! ecce ascendimus"; that is, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! behold, let us go up thither." And it may well be so: for what more likely than that a vision of the New Jerusalem, a greater and holier than that which he had aspired to win, should have been granted to him in foretaste of that Heaven towards which his eyes had, all his life long, been turned.

THOMAS ARNOLD JUNIOR—II

A Biographical Sketch

By

KATHARINE CHORLEY

DURING 1864, Tom Arnold says in his Memoirs that the Oratorians began to think that he was drifting into liberalism—religious liberalism—and growing out of sympathy with them and their aims. Looking back, he sees the difference between them defined or symbolized by a curious little incident. He had given as an extra prize to a boy in his highest form a copy of Döllinger's *The Church and the Churches*. This was six years before the Vatican Council, and Tom maintained that the book represented on the whole the same lines of thought which Döllinger had developed in his *Church History* and which, e.g., in the treatment of the tangled story of the conflicting claims of Gregory XII, Benedict XIII and the anti-pope John XXIII, were favourable to the papacy. But Newman and Fr. Ambrose St. John refused to allow the boy to receive his prize. In retrospect, Tom admits that Newman may have divined more truly than he did the way in which Döllinger's mind was moving. But it is a little hard to believe that Tom himself was not aware of the difficulties which had been created, particularly for a man in Newman's position, by the results of the Munich Congress which met at the end of 1863. This was a Congress of theologians, mainly German and much under the influence of Döllinger, who met to discuss those problems which centre about the relations of politics and religion, religion and science, religion and historical criticism in the circumstances of the contemporary world. In January 1864, Pius IX sent a Brief to the Congress expressing his hope for good results from its deliberations, but at the same time making it clear that he would limit

his approval to findings which should prove in harmony not only with the Church's defined dogmas but also with the current views of the Roman Congregations and current theological opinion. It was this Brief with its suffocating implications that drove Acton to suspend publication of *The Home and Foreign Review*. The English bishops, with one exception, in their *Pastorals* of 1862 had already censured the *Home and Foreign*, and this censure, particularly that of Bishop Ullathorne of Birmingham, had determined Newman to withdraw his support from the review. He had been urging caution for some time previously and indeed had been in correspondence with Tom Arnold about a position adopted by a certain contributor. Tom must have been fully cognisant of all this background, and it seems a little unnecessary and indeed inconsiderate of Newman's own difficulties that he should have taken so to heart, as he evidently did, Newman's ban on the prize he had offered. No doubt his blood was already up. He had himself written several articles for Acton and his sympathies would be on Acton's side.

There were other solvents at work in Tom's mind. He himself mentions the "Mortara Case."¹ This had been dragging on since 1858 and there seems no specific reason why it should particularly have affected him at this juncture. Probably it just came to coalesce in his mind with his other feelings of mistrust and disgruntlement. At any rate, he says, and he can scarcely be blamed for this, that he could not help an involuntary sympathy with the Protestant outcry. Finally, at the end of 1864, came the Encyclical *Quanta Cura* and the famous *Syllabus of Errors*. In them it seemed that every attempt to correlate modern thought with the teaching of the Church was condemned out of hand. It was not understood that the *Syllabus* was in large measure a technical document requiring expert glosses and interpretation nor that parts of it had to be read in the particular context of Italian politics to make the sense intended by the Pope. Well-wishers outside the Church and many of the Church's own most loyal sons were aghast and enemies delighted with a weapon thus gratuitously put into their hands. Pius IX himself was distressed by the "alarm and despondency" he had created not only

¹ *Vide* Catholic Encyclopaedia under "Baptism"; but *cf.* the recent Finaly case in France where a similar clash of principle was resolved in a way that would certainly have done no violence to Tom Arnold's conscience.

amongst his own children but also amongst well-disposed outsiders. He is said to have admitted that the *Syllabus* was "raw meat needing to be cooked and seasoned." But nonetheless he made no retractions.

Six months after the publication of the *Syllabus*, Ward had declared in a letter to the *Weekly Register* that the Encyclical and the *Syllabus* were beyond doubt the Church's infallible utterance. It is obvious that the shock administered by those documents could only be aggravated by extravagances such as this, extravagances that could not have occurred had the Definition of 1870 which clearly excluded them been in force. In a letter to Fr. Bittleston, Newman refers to Ward's declaration and says that he would like to have sent a reply to the *Register*: "I beg to say that I do not subscribe to this proposition." And he continues to Bittleston: "My reason is charity to a number of persons, chiefly laymen, whom such doctrine will hurry in the direction of Arnold." The letter is dated January 1865 and it was that summer that Tom left the Oratory for good. He had already been consulting Arthur Stanley, his old and intimate family friend and then a canon of Canterbury, about his chances of success if he moved to Oxford and began to take private pupils. Stanley seems to have encouraged the project and by the autumn Tom was working out his new life.

We have only to look back through history to realize that there are periods of intellectual and moral ferment when the Church must ride the storm intellectually under battened hatches and with refeed sails. It may happen that the Officer of the Watch is over-cautious; he dare take no risks with the ship through foolhardy sailing. But at length the storm subsides, the hatches are unsealed, the sails shaken free and the great ship moves majestically on her course. It is then, if the Church's thinkers have waited patiently, that the process of constructive assimilation begins, the integration into her collective mind of all that has proved fruitful from the preceding time of stress. But for those who are caught in the storm, patience is hard. Newman, making an analysis for himself of the Munich Brief, concluded:

I certainly could not write a word upon the special controversies and difficulties of the day with a view to defend religion from free-thinking physicists without allowing them freedom of logic in their own science; so that if I understand this Brief, it is simply a provi-

dential intimation to every religious man, that at this moment we are simply to be silent.

That surely is the true attitude, conceived in a spirit of noble patience, trust and obedience.

It seems rather surprising that during this mounting crisis of Tom's faith, Newman was able to give his junior no effective help, although so obviously he had sympathetic understanding of his troubles. Probably Tom was difficult to approach; he was a gentle but not a particularly conciliatory person. And Newman would be too sensitive to force through his reserve. Moreover, thanks to successive waves of ill-health, Tom had been much away from Birmingham during those crucial months when what he calls "the mists of Pyrrhonism" descended again and he came to feel that no clear certainty could be obtained about anything outside the field of natural science. He was depressed and his will was weakened, and he says that for months it had been difficult or even impossible for him to "approach a Catholic altar." He was indeed somewhat isolated. With the exception of Acton who was little more than an acquaintance, he seems to have had no lay Catholic friends at this period, no one with whom he could talk things over without prejudice and take counsel freely. The houses we hear of him visiting are all Protestant; and of course at home in his own family circle disintegrating pressures would find encouragement.

It is not clear whether with the move to Oxford Tom considered that he had formally left the Catholic Church. For a time at any rate he kept in touch with Newman. There is a friendly letter of Newman's written in reply to one of his "full of Oxford news." But he evidently ceased to practise his religion and in the coming years we hear of him going *en famille* to the Anglican services.

Many years later, referring to this second spiritual crisis of his life, Tom lifted a little his normal veil of reticence:

Again the mists of Pyrrhonism closed round me. Nevertheless, I cannot doubt that this period of uncertainty would have passed away in due time if I had adopted the means proper for dealing with it. One of those means indeed—labour—I did not put from me, and this was my salvation in the end; but the weapon of prayer,—being attacked by a certain moroseness and disgust, and weariness

of existence,—I began unhappily to use less and less. I did not, like Milton, “still bear up and steer right onward,” but wavered—doubted and fell back. Only after a long time, and with much difficulty and pain—pain, alas, not mine alone—was I able to return to the firm ground of Catholic communion. Upon these matters, however, having made an avowal which, I need hardly say, it has cost me much to make, I shall no further enlarge. The instability and weakness of my proceedings I do not mean to palliate or underestimate. The only plea that I can urge is, that I acted in good faith, and that the taint of self-interest never attached to what I did. With folly, weakness, obstinacy, pliancy I may be charged, and more or less justly; but no one can say that any one of my changes was calculated with a view to worldly advantage. If it were not so, I should not feel that I had a right to hold up my head amongst honest men.

In its dignity and humility, this is a singularly moving confession, and we may well believe that it cost Tom Arnold the uttermost to make it in a published book. But it is more than a moving confession; it is a leading-light for others about whom those same mists of Pyrrhonism may seem to be closing.

Tom refers to the confusion which he made at this time between what he calls political and religious liberalism. Disentangling them, he sees political liberalism as a desire on the part of an individual or a class to be freed from some unjust restraint or inequality imposed by society, and religious liberalism as the anarchy resulting from the revolt against the restraint of an accepted standard. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. For a Catholic, trust in the restraining judgment of the Church is fundamental; how then can he at the same time desire to be freed from such restraint? A political liberal, Tom would remain to the end of his days, but religious liberalism was a phase of 1865 and in reality out of line with his intellectual temperament which after oscillating set either to the pole of authoritative belief or towards that of complete agnosticism.

Tom's family were of course jubilant about the move to Oxford with its obvious meaning and consequences. An Arnold a master at the Oratory school had been a bitter draught to gulp down, and a new generation of Arnold boys being educated there perhaps an even more bitter one. Julia had not hesitated to write to Tom from Fox How in reference to young Willie:

I was very glad to hear of Willie's having done so well in the

examination of his class although I must confess the thought of *our* son being examined by Dr. Newman had carried a pang to my heart. Your mother I found felt it in the same way; she said (when I read out to her that part of your letter) with her eyes full of tears, "Oh! to think of *his* grandson, *dearest Tom's son*, being examined by Dr. Newman!"

And now, in June 1865, Mary, aged fourteen and away at school in Clifton, read a report in the newspaper that her father was "turning against Rome." She wrote home in wild excitement:

My precious Mother, I have indeed seen the paragraphs about Papa. The L's showed them me on Saturday. You can imagine the excitement I was in on Saturday night, not knowing whether it was true or not. Your letter confirmed it this morning and Miss May, seeing I suppose that I looked rather faint, sent me on a pretended errand for her note-book to escape the breakfast-table. My darling Mother, how thankful you must be! One feels as if one could do nothing but thank Him!

At that period it was the custom in a mixed marriage for the boys to be brought up in the religion of the father and the girls in that of the mother. So Mary had become an enthusiastic Evangelical. She was the oldest of the family and no doubt realized already the deep religious rift between her parents and even that their perpetual economic troubles were indirectly due to Catholicism. And she must have felt the injustice of this economic pinch in regard to her mother. It would hardly have occurred to any of them that the injustice was in reality the result of centuries' old discrimination against Catholics. Tom recalls, though in a different context, how Lake, the Dean of Durham, once pressed his father during an after-dinner conversation at Rugby with details of the persecution of Catholics under Elizabeth. The Doctor "seemed to be taken by surprise and had nothing to answer." In her Memoirs, Mary recollects that in the old Birmingham days she was not allowed to make friends with any of her father's Catholic colleagues. She used to see Newman walking in the streets of Edgbaston and would shrink from him "in a dumb childish resentment as from someone whom I understood to be the author of our family misfortunes." Perhaps at this period the practical misfortunes impressed her most. Had it not been for financial help from the generous W. E. Forster, the

Arnolds would have found it well-nigh impossible to bring up a family which now comprised eight children. Years later, when Newman came back to Oxford in his cardinal's scarlet, Mrs. Ward was present at the great party at Trinity gathered to honour him:

As my turn came to shake hands, I recalled my father to him and the Edgbaston days. His face lit up, almost mischievously. "Are you the little girl I remember seeing sometimes—in the distance?" he said to me with a smile and a look which only he and I understood.

At Oxford, Tom flowered as a scholar. It was his real vocation. He edited the works of Wycliffe for the Clarendon Press, he made himself expert in Anglo-Saxon, he became one of the most learned editors of the Rolls Series. On the human side, his fine influence touched undergraduate life through his reading-parties which won him the life-long affection and respect of men like Mandell Creighton, the future Bishop of London and historian of the Renaissance popes. His daughter thinks that in these first years he was delighted by a sense of intellectual freedom. It may well have been so. Oxford had welcomed him, he had the great libraries which he loved so deeply close at hand, he had time and opportunity for the work he most enjoyed doing. Moreover, there is a kind of surrender which brings a sense of relief, illicit but still producing an intense illusion of freedom. The mountaineer knows it when after struggling with some exacting passage on a climb he gives up and turns back, descending to the easy liberty of the valley.

However this may be, the Arnold fortunes certainly looked up during these years. The family appeared to be spiritually reunited, and such was the success that Tom built up by private coaching that at long last they were on a reasonably sound footing financially. These were the happiest years of their family life for Julia Arnold and the children. Mrs. Humphry Ward has written an entrancing account of this Oxford life of her girlhood; Jowett and Mark Pattison, T. H. Green and Walter Pater, visitors to the University such as George Eliot, Swinburne or the French historian Taine, come alive in her pages and though the Oxford celebrities seem to have been more closely her friends than her parents', yet we may surmise that the elder Arnolds shared too in this vivid and intellectually exciting society.

But as time went on, his family began to feel that they were

not altogether sure of Tom. Sometimes from his study came ominous sounds as of the chanting of Latin and on Sundays the younger children, ranged alongside him at St. Philip's, would hear strange mutterings which seemed to coalesce into a Latin prayer. In 1876, the Chair of Early English was vacant and it was almost a foregone conclusion that Tom would be elected. His credentials were far stronger than those of any other candidate. Julia was looking forward to the definite end of money troubles. She was naturally extravagant, a fact that had not made things easier for her in the past, and it would be pleasant to indulge a little without feeling that she was almost literally taking the bread and butter out of her children's mouths. But on the very eve of the election Tom announced his return to the Catholic Church. As might have been expected in these circumstances, the majority of the electors voted against him. Moreover, it was the ruin of the connection he had built up with private pupils; men would not come to a practising Catholic for coaching. In order to make ends meet at all, poor Julia was now reduced to taking boarders.

It must have been a torturing dilemma for Tom. For some months he had apparently privately made up his mind to ask for reconciliation. The election forced the issue. How could he honourably postpone his return to the Church until he was safely in the Early English Chair, knowing that if he did so he would be presenting himself to the electors under false colours? And how, having realized the mistake he had made in 1865, could he keep his spiritual and intellectual integrity if he failed to admit it? Yet action meant plunging his family back into the semi-penury to which his original conversion had brought them. He had hazarded and lost his career in 1856, but now the position was much blacker. In 1856 he and Julia were young and resilient but now they were middle-aged and had eight children. It was a primary human duty to think of his wife and family and in the circumstances he can scarcely have relished the idea of further bounties from his Quaker brother-in-law. Moreover, old emotional wounds which had seemingly healed would be re-opened in a peculiarly painful manner. If Tom hesitated until the last possible hour he can scarcely be blamed. His daughter's biographer, Mrs. George Trevelyan, writes as if he almost deliberately chose the moment when his worldly promotion depended

upon remaining outside to announce his return to the Church. It is impossible to believe this of him; nor need we believe that he was so unworldly that he did not realize the inevitable result of his action. The truth surely is that he was faced with the kind of choice that we find so often in the lives of the saints and which, from a secular point of view when made the way he made it, looks like callousness and the spurning of natural duty and affection.

This was the last crisis of Tom's life. The family remained in Oxford and Tom maintained them as best he could by incessant writing. Much of this must have been relatively hackwork and how far it shrivelled fruits that his sensitive intellect might have borne we shall never know. In 1882 he was made a fellow of the Royal University of Ireland—Newman's University—and returned to Dublin during term time for full-time work as lecturer and examiner. It is pleasant to think that he thus became a colleague of Gerard Manley Hopkins. In 1888, Julia's brave and chequered life came to an end meeting a final challenge of suffering—this time physical suffering, for in the spring of that year she died of cancer. After her death, Tom gave up the Oxford home and a little later married again. The last twenty years of his life—he died in Dublin in November 1900—flowed serenely, carrying him along on a full and gentle tide of interests and affections.

The difficulties which had driven him from the Church in 1865 had been finally solved, perhaps on lines indicated by a comment he makes on free investigation in Catholic universities:

... while the Church will not allow Catholic professors to teach under her auspices, *as true*, propositions either in theology or science which are not yet fully established, and the premature inculcation of which might be mischievous to the weak, she encourages them in absolute freedom of investigation, and in the statement, *as hypotheses*, of the conclusions at which they may arrive. Something like this was the language used by Cardinal Bellarmine in the case of Galileo.

But the contradiction between his political radicalism and his love of beauty and his ideals of excellence remained to flavour his views with an agreeable and endearing touch of paradox. Thus, musing on the social work of Tom Hughes with whom he had

been at school, he confesses that he cannot applaud and rejoice in it without reserve:

It seems to me too democratic, too content with low and commonplace strivings after comfort and recreation. Excellence is the great want of our time, not mediocrity . . . art—hand in hand with religion—can alone do that [that is, change and uplift souls] in England now, as in Asia Minor two thousand years ago. . . . To admire and love something more beautiful than they can ever be or create themselves is the happiest portion that can fall to the lot of common men.

Always those “marvellous bas-reliefs of Xanthus” recur as his standard of beauty, and he can hardly help assessing an entire social system on the degree to which its artists will measure up to them. And he is still the Philip of the *Bothie* exhorting the miner to be thankful that his dark task is to liberate the gem that will one day glitter on the neck of a princess. It is the same quest for excellence that makes him regret for example the introduction of voting by secret ballot. He realizes reluctantly that some such measure is necessary in order to prevent corruption, but he harks back to a theoretical golden age in keeping with the ideal English character when men were not afraid to proclaim their political convictions publicly.

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A man's judgment of others is often the clearest illuminator of his own character and opinions. As he grew old, Tom's mind played round the distinguished men he had met or who had become his friends and sometimes he brings them to life with a few sharply descriptive phrases. He is critical but always generous in regard to the motives of others. Perhaps his ideal of generosity towards human weakness and confusion is summed up in his criticism of Clough's *Dypsichus* in the memorial essay he wrote on his friend:

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It will be said that there are many satirical strokes in *Dypsichus* and this is true; but they are aimed at classes—their follies and hypocrisies—never at any individual except himself.

During these years, the close affection between Tom and his daughter Mary flowered in a singularly beautiful relationship. They differed on almost every subject under the sun, yet maintained the intimacy of mutual trust, trust not of each other's opinions, but of each other as human beings. A few months after

Mrs. Ward published *David Grieve* in 1892, her father wrote to her:

My own dearest Polly (let me call you for once what I often called you as a child), God made you what you are and those who love you will be content to leave you to Him. He gave you that wide-flashing swiftly-combining wit, "glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven"; He gave you also the power of turning your thoughts, with deft and felicitous hand, into forms of beauty. No one can divine what new problems will occupy you in time to come, nor how you will solve them; but one may feel sure that with you, as Emerson says, "the future will be worthy of the past."

And she on her side was tenderly anxious not to wound him. Before she began *Helbeck of Bannisdale* she consulted her father, without whose assent she says she would never have written the book at all. And after it was finished and in proof she was seized with misgiving lest certain passages should hurt him, so she sent for the proofs again and softened down the possibly offensive parts. Yet she could write to him with the utmost frankness about the difficulties which her Catholic reading for *Helbeck* had raised in her mind:

One of the main impressions of this Catholic literature upon me is to make me perceive the enormous intellectual pre-eminence of Newman. Another impression—I know you will forgive me for saying quite frankly what I feel—had been to fill me with a perfect horror of asceticism, or rather of the austerities—or most of them which are indispensable to the Catholic ideal of a saint. We must talk this over, for of course I realize that there is much to be said on the other side. But the simple and rigid living which I have seen, for various ideal purposes, in friends of my own—like T. H. Green—seems to me both religious and reasonable, while I cannot for the life of me see anything in the austerities say of the Blessed Mary Alacoque but hysteria and self-murder. . . . Don't imagine, dearest, that I find myself in antagonism to all this literature. The truth in many respects is quite the other way. . . .

In the spring before he died, Tom went for the first time to Rome where he visited Mary Ward who was installed for some weeks at the Villa Barberini. With quick sympathy she understood how deeply moving he must have found this first visit to Rome when he was already an old man with a long life of the

mind behind him in which the Catholic Faith and the classics were inextricably interwoven. She relates how one morning he vanished and some hours later reappeared with shining eyes: "I have been on the Appian Way. I have walked where Horace walked." And she imagines what he must have felt when he knelt for the first time in St. Peter's or climbing the Janiculum looked out over the city and the plain "whence Europe received her civilization and the vast system of the Catholic Church." Tom possessed to the full that enriching faculty of historical imagination which enables a man to multiply indefinitely his experience by living as vividly in the past as he does in the present. It is good to know that so near the end of his troubled life he was given this culminating experience of Rome. And here we may leave him, wandering from one classical ruin to another, from this church to that, his imagination conjuring from the past the great figures of the history and the literature and the religion which had formed his mind—Horace and Cicero and Virgil, St. Ignatius of the Seven Epistles martyred in the Colosseum, St. Gregory the Great, St. Brigit his own particular saint, the exiles of the English College, Daniel O'Connell the liberator.

Mary Ward was with him when he died, and three days later she wrote to Bishop Creighton:

... My father's was a rare and hidden nature. Among his papers which have now come to me I have come across the most touching and remarkable things—things that are a revelation even to his children. The service yesterday in Newman's beautiful little University Church, the early mass, the bright morning light on the procession of friends and clergy through the cypress-lined paths of Glasnevin, the last *requiescat in pace*, answered by the Amen of the little crowd—all made a fitting close to his gentle and laborious life. He did not suffer much, I am thankful to say, and he knew that we were all around him and smiled upon us to the last.

Creighton's reply—in the first part of his letter he refers to a memorable reading party at Lynton—is a rare tribute:

I knew your father and appreciated him since first I knew him at Lynton. He was always to me a type of the character which aimed above all at sincerity, and asked nothing from the world save liberty to live up to what he held most true. It is a hard task, easy as it seems—perhaps the hardest anyone can undertake.

I remember that I asked him to write a little volume on modern England in a series of school books. He undertook the book at first and then wrote to me and begged off saying that he felt he ought to sing the praises of modern civilization, but he positively could not. So it was with him always; so he showed himself in his Reminiscences—not seeking the prizes which are to be gained only by those who throw themselves into what is, without a thought to what might be.

He was one of those very rare characters who was "determined to keep himself unspotted from the world." Surely, nothing is more precious when we look at it fairly than the life of the student, the scholar, the thinker, whose chief aim is to be true to the best he knows. Such was your father. . . .

The photograph which is a frontispiece to his Reminiscences seems also to sum up his life. It shows a face naturally gently chiselled, but wrought on by and sensitive in all its lines and contours to its owner's experience of life. The forehead is serene and lined, the nose has a strong arched bone with a transverse crease where it juts and above lines which could mean a frown were it not that this is belied by the clear winning eyes. But the mouth and the two folds of cheek from nose to mouth tell most. The mouth is large so that these folds are not drawn down in lines of sourness and bitterness, but are wide-angled so as to suggest a smile. And the mouth itself is almost unbearably moving, the lips closed in the way that a child's lips close against the quiver of suffering. Mary Ward recalls that on his eighth birthday, Tom is reported to have remarked in a wistful voice: "I think that the eight years which I have now lived will be the happiest of my life." His father, struck by these words coming so strangely from a small happy boy, wrote some verses upon them which in their turn seem strangely to presage the future:

Or is thy Life so full of bliss
That come what may, more blessed than this
Thou canst not be again?
And fear'st thou, standing on the shore,
What storms disturb with wild uproar
The years of older men?

Tom's definitive answer to his father's musing questions is carved on the memorial plaque in Newman's University Church in Dublin: *Domine Deus meus, in te speravi.*

ANDREW WHITE

Apostle of Maryland (1579-1656)

By

FRANCIS X. CURRAN

THE MAIN STREAM of the history of the Catholic Church in the United States flowed from a little island in the Potomac River on the Feast of the Annunciation, 25 March, 1634. On that spring morning, a voyage of four months came to an end. The pioneers of the new colony of Maryland gladly left the decks of the small *Ark* and the smaller *Dove* for the shores of St. Clement's Isle. With religious ceremonies outlawed in the land they had left, they took formal possession of their new country. Round an altar they gathered, a priest in their midst to offer the Holy Sacrifice. After the Mass, they hewed down trees, fashioned a rough Cross, and while the priest led them, chanting the Litany of the Holy Cross, they erected the symbol of Christ. The colony of Maryland was formally initiated. More important, the Cross planted in the ground that morning was destined to prove a tree of salvation extending its branches to shelter countless multitudes in the years to come. The priest who presided over these beginnings was the apostle of Maryland, Andrew White.

Fr. White believed he was the first priest to say Mass in the new land. In that he was mistaken. Two generations before, eight Spanish Jesuits had erected a rude chapel some fifty miles from the Cross on St. Clement's Isle. Rejecting the protection of Spanish arms, they had paid for their daring with their lives. On the morning Fr. White first raised up the Host, Spanish friars, six hundred miles to the South, were bowing over altars before their red congregations; at an equal distance to the North, French Blackrobes were offering God to God. Yet, in a true sense, Fr. White was offering the first Mass of a new Church. The Franciscan missions in Georgia were to vanish, without trace,

before the guns of slave-raiding English and the torches of their Indian allies. Before they, too, disappeared, the French Jesuits were to do mighty things for the Church in America, and to give her with their life-blood her first canonized martyrs. But though the Spanish and French streams contributed to the growing current of the American Church the head waters of the main stream gushed in Maryland.

In a pamphlet published in 1633 Fr. White was to speak of Maryland as a place where "Englishmen may become Angels." Not content with recalling the prophecy of Gregory, he carried out the mission of Augustine. Yet there is no full-length study of the founder of the Church in the United States. It is not that we in America are forgetful or ungrateful. It is simply that the historical sources for such a study do not exist.

We know that Fr. Andrew White was born of Catholic parents in London on some day of 1579. But who were those parents? Was his mother that Mrs. White of London condemned to death as a receiver of priests in 1586? Was Andrew the son of that "Mr. Whyt, in Sent John Lane, a recevar," listed in the State Papers of Elizabeth? And was it his father to whom Cardinal Allen sent a letter to a better-known London address—the Tower? We do not know. White is a common name and London even then was a large city.

But whatever our conjectures about Fr. White's parents, of their faithfulness to their Catholic religion there is no doubt. At an early age Andrew was sent to the Continent for a Catholic education. In the autumn of 1595 he began his higher studies at St. Alban's College in Valladolid; apparently he had completed his earlier studies in the English College at Seville. For his theology, Fr. White moved to the English College at Douai. There, about 1605, he was ordained to the secular priesthood.

Soon after his ordination, young Fr. White set forth to face the dangers of the life of a missionary priest in England. However, he could scarcely have begun his work before it was ended by the repercussions of the Gunpowder Plot. Fr. White was one of the forty-six priests compelled to leave England in 1606. Back in the Low Countries, he applied for admission to the Society of Jesus and when the Jesuits of the English Mission opened their novitiate in Louvain in 1607, he was among the first group of novices admitted.

When he had completed his religious probation and taken his vows, Fr. White returned to his native land. After several years of service in England, he was recalled to the Continent by his Jesuit superiors and assigned to the schoolroom. His first years were spent in Spain and Portugal; later he taught in Belgium. That his intellectual attainments were of no mean order is indicated by the fact that he was professor of Hebrew, Sacred Scripture and dogmatic theology.

In 1619, Fr. White returned to England, where he laboured, chiefly in his native London, for four years. Once more recalled to the Continent, he taught from 1623 to 1629.

In 1629, Fr. White again won his way back to England—and began pleading for permission to go to America. A great new hope had taken possession of his apostolic soul. During his work on the English Mission, Fr. White had become a friend of the Calvert family. George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, was deeply involved in overseas plantations. Before his conversion to Catholicism in 1625, Calvert had obtained a grant of land in Newfoundland from James I. When in 1627 he led a group of settlers, including two priests, to his grant of Avalon, Baltimore probably had in mind the idea of an overseas refuge for the persecuted Catholics of England. The idea was not new; it had been advanced as early as 1582, but Robert Persons had cast the weight of his opinion against it in 1605.

The rigours of the Newfoundland climate quickly forced the abandonment of Avalon. But Baltimore refused to accept his defeat as more than a temporary reverse. On his return to England, he approached Charles I with a petition for land in a more temperate clime. A grant of land on Chesapeake Bay north of the colony of Virginia was decided on. Charles expressed a wish that, in honour of his Queen, the new plantation should be called Mariana. When it was pointed out that this name would seem to commemorate a Spanish Jesuit who, it was popularly believed, had justified regicide, Charles hastily substituted the name of Maryland. Apparently no one at this baptism knew that the Spaniards had already named the Chesapeake the *Bahía de Santa María*, in honour of the most glorious of Queens.

Before the charter of Maryland passed under the Great Seal, George Calvert died. Cecil, second Lord Baltimore, carried on the work of his father. In formulating the plans of the new

colony Fr. White and his fellow Jesuits played a prominent part. The Society, at Baltimore's request, undertook to provide the plantation with priests. The Jesuits used their influence to enlist men for the venture, and were so successful that a Jesuit in Maryland could write to Baltimore that "in peopling and planting this place I am sure that none have done neare soe much as we." When a prospectus was needed, Baltimore enlisted the pen of Fr. Andrew White. His *Declaration of the Lord Baltemore's Plantation in Maryland*, published in London in 1633, could not point out—the date and place of publication forbade—the new departure in the history of British colonization marked by Maryland: for the colony was conceived as a haven of religious liberty.

Fr. White was selected as superior of the Jesuit mission in Maryland. With his companions, Fr. John Gravenor, alias Altham, and Brother Thomas Gervase, Fr. White smuggled himself aboard ship at the Isle of Wight shortly before anchor was weighed on 22 November, 1633. The story of the voyage of the *Ark* and the *Dove* and the first days of the colony of Maryland Fr. White reported to the Jesuit General in his *Relatio Itineris in Marylandiam*, a classical document of early American history. Leonard Calvert, the Governor of Maryland, sent an English version to his brother. Baltimore rushed it into print under the title of *A Relation of the successfull beginnings of the Lord Baltemore's Plantation in Mary-land*; a revised and abridged version was published in 1635 as *A Relation of Maryland*.

His *Relatio* Fr. White wrote in the town of bark lodges, purchased from the Indians and renamed St. Mary's. This first white settlement was on the banks of the Potomac, which Fr. White described as "the sweetest and greatest river I have seen, so that the Thames is but a little finger to it. There are noe marshes or swampes about it, but solid firme ground, with great variety of woode not choaked up with undershrubs, but commonly so farre distant from each other as a coach and fower horses may travale without molestation." Maryland is a well watered, flat land, clad at the coming of the English by an endless forest broken only by the clearings in which the Indians raised their maize, pumpkins and squash. Rather strangely, Fr. White did not mention the red soil of Maryland, but he spoke at length of its red inhabitants.

The natives are of tall and comely stature, of a skin by nature

somewhat tawny, which they make more hideous by daubing, for the most part, with red paint mixed with oil, to keep away the mosquitos; in this, more intent on their comfort than their beauty. They smear their faces also with other colours; from the nose upward, seagreen; downward, reddish, or the contrary, in a manner truly disgusting and terrific. And since they are without beard almost to the end of life, they make the representation of beard with paint, lines of various colours being drawn from the tip of the lips to the ears. They encourage the growth of the hair, which is generally black, and bind it with a fillet when brought round in a knot to the left ear. . . .

They are generally dressed in deerskin, or like kind of covering, which flows behind after the manner of a cloak, and are girded about the middle with an apron; in other respects they are naked. Young boys and girls run about without any covering whatever. The soles of their feet being as hard as horn, they tread upon thorns and thistles without injury. Their weapons are bows and arrows, two cubits long, pointed with buckhorn or a piece of white, sharpened flintstone. . . .

They live in huts of an oblong, oval form, built nine or ten feet high. Into these huts light is admitted from above, by a window, a cubit in extent; it serves also for removing the smoke; for they kindle a fire in the middle of the floor and sleep around the fire. The kings, however, and principal men have, as it were, their private apartments and bed, four posts being driven into the ground, and poles placed upon them to receive the bed. One of these huts has been allotted to me and my companions. . . .

The tribe has an ingenious and cheerful disposition, and can understand a matter fairly well when it is explained. In acuteness of taste and smell they excel Europeans, and they surpass them also in sharpness of sight. They live mostly on a pap which they call pone or hominy. Each of these is made of corn, and they sometimes add a fish or a beast or a bird which they have taken in hunting. . . .

Ignorance of their language renders it still doubtful for me to state what views they entertain concerning religion. . . . These few things we have hurriedly learned. They recognize one God of heaven, whom they call "Our God"; nevertheless, they pay him no external worship, but by every means in their power they endeavour to appease a certain evil spirit which they call Ochre, that he may not hurt them. They worship corn and fire, as I am informed, as gods wonderfully beneficent to the human race.

Evidently Fr. White had not yet encountered the medicine men, the leaders of the redmen's shamanistic religion.

During the first days of settlement, Fr. White's ministrations were largely confined to the spiritual needs of the English. The Governor and all the chief men of the colony were Catholic, as were large numbers—possibly the majority—of the other pioneers. While Catholic influence was preponderant in the plantation, religious liberty was secure. Indeed, the famed Maryland Act of Toleration of 1649 was a last desperate barrier raised by the Catholics to protect religious freedom from the growing power of the Protestants. When Protestantism came to dominate Maryland, this last barrier was swept away.

The Church in America has flourished in a climate of freedom. While Maryland air was free, the work of Fr. White and his companions was fruitful. The vice and violence so often found in frontier settlements did not overrun St. Mary's. The Catholics were faithful to their religious duties, and many Protestants attended the Sunday Mass and sermon. Appreciable numbers of non-Catholics were converted; the Fathers could report, for example, that practically every Protestant who came to the colony during 1638 had become a Catholic. Fr. White gave the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius to leading figures in the colony. The laity followed the example of the Jesuits in purchasing the contracts of Catholic indentured servants in the neighbouring colony of Virginia.

In 1637, the little Jesuit mission received reinforcements in the persons of Fathers John Knowles and Thomas Copley, alias Philip Fisher. But shortly after their arrival, Maryland received a more sombre visitation. Yellow fever struck the colony. The Jesuits were able to report that in spite of many deaths no Catholic died without the Last Sacraments. The sickness cost the Jesuits dear, for all five contracted the dread disease, and Brother Gervase and Fr. Knowles succumbed. Their places were taken, in 1638, by Brother Walter Morley and Fr. John Brooke, alias Ferdinand Poulton.

With their help, the Fathers were now able to begin intensive work for the conversion of the Indians. In their plans for the settlement of the New World, the English, like the Spanish and French, always advanced three main motives, which someone has summed up as "the three G's"—Gospel, glory, gold. In the prospectus which Fr. White wrote at Baltimore's behest in 1633, he followed the pattern by promising venturesome souls fame and

titles and a modest thirty-fold return on their investment. Yet like the promoters of the Virginia Company and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, Fr. White gave the place of honour to the conversion of the native Americans. His words reflect the spirit of the man.

The chiefe intention of My Lord is, and also the same ought to be of all others, who venture fortunes with him, to plant Christianity there. An intendment so full of Christian honor, making men Angels who undertake it, as never more noble Enterprise entred into English hearts. . . . What doubt then can bee made, but many thousands of Soules may be brought to CHRIST by this most glorious Enterprise; and it may indeed bee called most glorious, seeing it is the saving of Soules, which was the worke of CHRIST the King of Glory.

Similar though less eloquent words can be found in the prospectuses of any other English colony in America. They belonged to the fashion of those days. But there is this difference—Fr. White meant what he said. Mark Twain spoke no more than the sad truth when he said that the British settlers in America fell first on their knees and then on the aborigines! When, after a particularly bloody massacre of Indians, a Puritan preacher asked his Boston congregation to "give thanks to God that this day we have sent six hundred heathen souls to hell," he voiced what one historian has called the "official spirit" of the colonies in British America.

In the first years of Maryland, Fr. White and his two companions could not do much for the conversion of the Indians. They were too few and the civil authorities stood in their way. The Governor would not allow Fr. White to live with the Indians until he had some assurance that his life would be safe. The local Indian language proved a formidable obstacle; the Fathers found it difficult to learn and almost impossible to set down in writing.

Yet Fr. White, remaining at St. Mary's, laid a solid basis for future evangelization. He began the study of the Indian tongue and eventually, he proved the most competent of the Jesuits in dealing with this difficult language. He compiled an Indian dictionary, and wrote a grammar and catechism. Rather curiously, he was of the opinion that the Indian language was akin to that of Japan. And so, gradually, he gained notable influence among

the Patuxent Indians who lived in the neighbourhood of St. Mary's.

By 1637, Fr. White was able to establish his residence in the village of the Patuxents. His preaching proved successful. A number of the Indians were converted and, as a sign of his goodwill, the chief of the Patuxents gave the Fathers a grant of land to support their mission work for his subjects. After a time, however, the friendship of the chief turned to hostility and the civil authorities of the colony fearing that Fr. White would be used as a hostage or killed, removed him from his exposed position.

Yet the mission to the Patuxents was not given up. When relations became more amicable, another Jesuit carried on the work begun by Fr. White. Meanwhile, in the summer of 1639, he travelled more than a hundred miles up the Potomac from St. Mary's, and settled, a few miles from the site of the future city of Washington, in the capital of the Tayac or Emperor of the Piscatoway Indians. This potentate was the paramount chief of a group of tribes which occupied several thousand square miles of territory in Maryland and Virginia.

Since Fr. White managed to cure the Tayac of a disease which had baffled the best efforts of forty of the most prominent of the local medicine men, the Indian chief lent a ready ear to his preaching. In preparation for his baptism, the Tayac sent away his concubines. He even called an assembly of his sub-chieftains, to bid them become Catholics, and he ordered the construction of a chapel—an Indian lodge of bark—in his capital.

The baptism of the Tayac and his family was performed with proper solemnity in mid-summer of 1640. The Governor and other white notables, as well as numerous subjects of the Tayac, witnessed the pouring of the saving waters. Then the imperial couple, newly-named Charles and Mary, having renewed their marriage vows, a grand procession, white and red, led by the Tayac and the Governor, moved on to a chosen site to erect a large Cross in commemoration of the great event.

The baptism of the leading Indian of the region augured a prosperous future for the Jesuit missions. And the Fathers were now deployed to carry on the work of conversion. While Fr. Copley remained with the English at St. Mary's, Fr. Brooke made missionary expeditions up the Patuxent River and Fr.

Altham worked among the Indians in the northern Chesapeake Bay area. Fr. White's own mission field was the valley of the Potomac. Setting up headquarters in an Indian hut in the centrally located native town of Port Tobacco, Fr. White, living among the redmen as one of them, made missionary journeys to the neighbouring villages. The work of conversion went on apace, but a series of disasters dimmed their high hopes. Fr. Altham died of sickness late in 1640, and Fr. Brooke and Brother Morley followed him to the grave in 1641.

These losses were repaired by the arrival in 1642 and 1643 of three more Jesuit priests from England. With the assistance of these men—Roger Rigby, Bernard Hartwell and John Cooper—the Jesuit missions developed rapidly. By the end of 1644, Fr. White and his associates shepherded a flock of a thousand converts, and had many neophytes under instruction.

Then suddenly when all was so full of hope and promise, the Jesuit mission in Maryland was completely blotted out. The Virginians had long been watching with jealous eye the development of the Catholic colony carved out of their land. Their ire was fed by men whose claims to concessions in Maryland were denied by Baltimore. With the homeland in turmoil, these angry men now found their opportunity. After Marston Moor, an armed force of Virginians invaded the Catholic province. The Jesuits were high on the blacklist of the victorious invaders and the missions to the Indians—the most successful in the history of the thirteen British colonies on the North American continent—were utterly destroyed. All that is known of the fate of Rigby, Hartwell and Cooper is that they were all dead before the end of 1645. That three young men (none was yet forty years of age) should die unrecorded deaths, in obscure circumstances within the space of a year, cannot but arouse the worst suspicions.

For Fr. White and Fr. Copley a less summary fate was reserved, possibly because of their prominence in the province of Maryland. They were bound in chains and carried back as prisoners to England. There they were arraigned on charges of high treason. Their treason consisted in the fact that Fr. White and Fr. Copley, forbidden the land because of their priesthood, had dared to return to England! So palpably true was their defence, that they were in England against their will, that the court was compelled to declare the Jesuits innocent of the charge.

The history of Fr. Andrew White after his trial for treason again becomes obscure. On 1 March, 1648, Fr. Copley, back in Maryland to begin the second period of Jesuit work there, wrote to the Jesuit General to announce his safe return. On the same day, three thousand miles away in Antwerp, a Jesuit wrote that Fr. Andrew White had just been bundled ashore from an English ship in the harbour.

In the interval between his trial and his reappearance in the Low Countries, Fr. White had spent three years in Newgate Prison in daily expectation of a traitor's death. Whether he had been informed that, in spite of the decision of the court, he would be executed, is not clear. He may have been released, then again captured and tried. It seems most probable that, although Fr. Copley was released—after all, he was born in Madrid, and had papers to prove he was an alien—Fr. White was kept in prison, until the Parliamentary government, embarrassed by this living witness to its injustice, bundled him out of the country.

On his return to the Continent, Fr. White must have been a broken old man. He was almost seventy years old. His hard labours in Maryland had three times been interrupted by sicknesses which had carried him to the very threshold of death. He had just been released from three years of close confinement with the constant threat of a horrible death hanging over him. Yet the indomitable old man again pleaded with his Jesuit superiors to be allowed to return to share the perils of his sorely-tried and much loved Catholics in Maryland. No doubt they could as little conceal their admiration for this dauntless apostle as we in our unheroic age.

Probably his Jesuit superiors planned to let him spend his last days in peace on the Continent. If so, they were out in their reckoning. For in the 1650's we find Fr. White once more back in England. The circumstances of his last years on the English mission are not clear. Probably his brethren saw to it that he lived with some minor comforts in some secluded and safe spot; it is reported that he spent his last years as the chaplain of a Catholic noble family. On the date he had foretold, the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, 27 December, 1656, the apostle of Maryland, fortified by the last rites of the Church, breathed back his ardent and generous soul to God.

The Church he had founded was not allowed to die. Although

Maryland, fallen into non-Catholic hands, was to enact penal laws against the Catholics only less savage than the laws of England, Jesuits of the English Province watered the seed that White had planted. Until the eve of American Independence, the nascent Church was nurtured by men of Fr. White's spirit and White's religious brotherhood. When the Church was freed by the American Revolution, it was a former member of the English Jesuit Province who was to be the father of the American hierarchy and the second founder of the American Church.

So it came to pass that the Church Fr. White founded has in God's providence been spared death and given new life. Historians are a tardy fraternity, but they are beginning to awaken to the fact that the most important development in the past century of Church history has been the growth of the Church in the United States. The mustard seed planted in 1634 has grown into a Church numbering the largest body of practising Catholics within the bounds of any nation on the face of the earth. And the Apostle who planted that seed was Andrew White, Englishman, Priest and Jesuit.

CONSTITUTIONAL TRENDS¹

Mr. Morrison Surveys the Scene

M^{R.} MORRISON surveys "from the inside" the institutions by which Britain is governed, the Cabinet and its associated Ministers, Parliament and the Public Service. His is a timely book for those three institutions which had been undergoing a progressive evolution for a long time, have in recent years been compelled to adapt themselves quite abruptly to what is in effect an entirely new world, a world of recurring wars and uneasy periods of peace, in which the whole population has been compelled to accept a degree of interference by the State that was formerly unthinkable. A half-century ago the Government was small, its role simple, relatively limited and readily comprehended, Parliament was cautiously and somewhat shamefacedly taking an increased interest in what has become known as Social Welfare, and both Government and Parlia-

¹ *Government and Parliament—A Survey from the Inside*, by Herbert Morrison, P.C., C.H., M.P. (Oxford University Press, 21s).

ment were served by a settled, rather staid body of officials called Civil Servants, who wrote minutes in copper-plate longhand at their own pace from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. Times have indeed changed. There are now both Cabinet and non-Cabinet Ministers, Ministers of State, and Parliamentary Secretaries, all of them requiring to be co-ordinated, and to have their relationship to the permanent heads of Departments precisely determined. This task has produced a flood of argument, which flows over into this volume, as to how to control the size of a necessarily large Government, of what Ministers an inner Cabinet should be composed, and the merit of the idea of supervising Ministers to whom somebody has given the title of overlords.

Parliament has likewise undergone a notable measure of change in order to utilize its most precious commodity, time, to the best advantage for the discussion of an ever-expanding agenda. A great deal of business which otherwise might have come on to the floor of the House of Commons is now dispatched in committees. The veteran Public Accounts Committee which reviews Government expenditure a long time after the event is now partnered by a Committee on Estimates which looks at selected services as spending on them is actually taking place, while a committee on delegated legislation considers every statutory instrument laid before the Commons and decides whether it contains any features to which the special attention of the House should be drawn.

The Civil Service has perhaps changed most of all. It is, for one thing, immensely larger and more specialized than it was. It works longer hours and harder, and it makes use of new techniques whenever it can. Its main problem—one that will never be solved to everybody's satisfaction—is to achieve a balance in its organization and methods between what businessmen would approve and what is strictly necessary in order that accountability to Parliament may be satisfied. It is now, however, only a part of the Public Service which title also shelters all those thousands of persons who in our time have become the employees of nationalized industries.

There, in the barest outline, is the elaborate picture that Mr. Morrison has set out to paint. He has done well, with a marked enthusiasm for the job, and he has managed in the process to describe the part played by the monarchy in the British parliamentary democracy and how political parties co-operate in the management of public affairs even when they appear to be doing the exact opposite.

In preparing his manuscript for the press, the author was helped by a number of distinguished Civil Servants and officers of both Houses of Parliament, and by other eminent persons, with the result that the book, at every point at which a reviewer can test it, appears

to be factually accurate and the opinions expressed in it reasonable enough, even those about which persons of different political persuasions will naturally think differently. Mr. Morrison praises, for instance, the Labour Government for the manner in which it planned "the most extensive and significant legislative programme" ever, and this may be true enough, but I can imagine an opponent of Mr. Morrison's retorting that no problem of organization need have arisen if the things that made the programme significant had been left out. Principles are stated clearly and illustrated out of the author's own considerable experience. There are innumerable "asides" of more than passing importance—his correction, for instance, of the notion that Civil Servants, and not Ministers, run the Government, or his comment on the embarrassment Civil Servants and politicians can suffer at each other's hands. Here and there he appraises the public notabilities of the day, the value of the clash of departmental opinions, relates the story of the Zinovieff letter as he knows it, and in one way or another manages to make of his book something which is neither exclusively text-book, although it will be valued as such, nor pure political commentary, while containing a fair share of it, nor straightforward biography, although we can glean from it a fair picture of the busy, humane person Mr. Herbert Morrison is.

His humanity shows up in many places in the book but nowhere better than in his wise reflections on the quality that is most needed in a good administrator, whether he be politician or official, namely, the ability to "get on" with people, to be the sort of person colleagues can live with. This is the very core of the unity without which there can be no good government. And it is fortunately for Britain a quality that is available in large measure and its importance fully realized. It is also the quality which at every level of British political life has produced the compromises that kept things moving and without which there would have been chaos and disaster. This evolution through compromise produces what to outsiders is the most astonishing feature of the British system, the absence, almost complete, of formal law at its base. Behind a few ancient formalities which pay tribute to the source from which their powers derive, Parliament and Government on the whole manage their affairs in commendable fashion, adapting their procedure to the needs of the hour. It is little wonder that the first Labour leader to study the system comprehensively has nothing for it but admiration. This democratic monarchy, in his eyes, is much to be preferred to what the republics of America and France can offer.

The chapters that will appeal most to the general reader are those that deal with the position of the Sovereign and with the reform of the House of Lords. Mr. Morrison is a Socialist, of course, but it would be impossible for an outsider to detect any difference between

his attitude towards the Crown and that of, say, Sir Winston Churchill. One might have expected him to have said something about the problems that were created for the monarchy by the emergence of the working class as a political force. He has refrained from doing so. What he does instead is to describe rather precisely the Sovereign's real powers. In Bagehot's day, less than a hundred years ago, they consisted in the right to warn a minister, to tell him that what he proposed to do was bad. Gladstone no doubt received many such warnings from Queen Victoria. Mr. Morrison makes it clear that that is no longer the position. The Sovereign may now discuss what the Government proposes for the purpose of gaining information and even express an opinion about its merits, but beyond that he may not constitutionally go. It is, therefore, remotely possible as a matter of theory that a minister, as a result of what the monarch said to him, might change his mind, but it is extremely unlikely. As Mr. Morrison argues, that would have the double effect of bringing the Sovereign into the realm of controversy and of exposing the Minister to criticism for permitting the Sovereign to overrule him. So it is that Mr. Morrison implies that the saying that the Queen can do no wrong now means, whatever it originally meant, that she cannot make decisions of a political or controversial character.

If I have read Mr. Morrison correctly, he should hold that the late King George V went wrong on two occasions, although in fact his criticism extends only to one. That was when in 1931 the King accepted the joint views of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Sir Herbert Samuel, the leaders of the three parties, in favour of a Coalition. The majority of the Parliamentary Labour Party, in the event, did not support Mr. MacDonald, and Mr. Morrison, while not questioning the King's sincerity, finds fault with him for not finding this out for himself. It is difficult to square this line of reasoning with the injunction that the Sovereign is to take the advice tendered to him. In the other case, King George V is credited with, and complimented for, having brought the party leaders together at the Palace so that they might confer among themselves about the serious situation which had arisen from the Liberal Government's Bill granting Home Rule to Ireland and the bitter opposition to the Bill shortly before the First World War. Whether that was done on the King's own initiative or not does not emerge, but it would have been interesting to have heard whether in Mr. Morrison's opinion a similar conference could to-day be convened if the Government did not favour it. It would have added to the case law on this subject if he had been able likewise to describe the nature of the King's intervention in 1921 in favour of a settlement of the Irish problem and whether that was in any degree unconstitutional.

Mr. Morrison has a long chapter on the House of Lords. He describes the position that House occupied when Labour came to power in 1945, "the power for mischief" it retained notwithstanding the clipping it had received under the Parliament Act, 1911, and the great controversy that ensued when the new Government proposed to whittle down its delaying power on legislation from three successive Sessions over a period of not less than two years to two Sessions and one year. He is not among the abolitionists of the Labour Party, the "end 'em not mend 'em school." He favours a second House for "severely practical" reasons. He admits that the Lords, or rather the small minority of them who are active members, include men of ability and extensive public experience, and that their debates have a character and importance of their own and are not without their influence on public opinion and Government policy. He was as a Minister impressed and refreshed by their businesslike character and objectivity when revising legislation or discussing politically non-controversial Bills—they were much more impressive in this respect than the Commons—but Mr. Morrison's tribute does not extend to their performance on such measures as the Iron and Steel Bill. He is, however, so convinced of the importance of bi-cameral legislation as a means to the avoidance of drafting imperfections that he is prepared to go to some trouble to keep the Lords happy so long as no point of principle is involved. There has been trouble since the advent of Labour over the Iron and Steel Bill and the Commons' proposal to suspend capital punishment. There has been the inter-party Conference on the future of the Lords and the breakdown on the powers that should be vested in the reformed House, and in particular on the length of time that would be reasonable for the performance of its functions. But provisional agreement was reached on a number of important points including the question of a paid body of Life peers and on the admission of women, and of these and related issues more is bound to be heard sooner or later. In the meantime, one can understand Mr. Morrison's whoop of joy that the irrational has again worked, that for six years the Labour Government, despite its controversial programme, "managed to live with the House of Lords" without reaching any "last ditch" crises.

LEON O' BROIN

REVIEWS

THE RESTORATION OF SOCIAL STABILITY

The Conservative Mind. From Burke to Santayana, by Russell Kirk (Faber 30s.)

IT IS PERHAPS TOO SOON TO SAY that the tyranny of progressive thought has been overthrown. By progressive thought is here meant that which is based on the assumption that equalitarian democracy is an ideal to be unconditionally held and unconditionally prosecuted. It has been so dinned in our ears that the progressive in this sense is right and virtuous and the reactionary wrong and malicious that we can hardly expect the tendency to be reversed in a day. It is no longer shocking, however, to hint a mild doubt about this assumption except in the more retarded circles of the suburban intelligentsia. What has been really shocking to the modern mind is the gradual realization that Marxism has brought this sort of political thinking to its logical conclusion and, in some measure, to its negation, so that the surviving progressive has only to choose between the excessively strong dose of Marxism neat and the varying insipidities of Marxism watered down. Although the progressive has not yet lost hope of finding a suitable mixture, he nevertheless produces nothing new, and genuine political thinking comes more and more from the forces of tradition and stability.

An American writer, Mr. Russell Kirk, has recently written a book on the conservative mind which is both opportune and intrinsically valuable. Apart from Alexis de Tocqueville, who is included on account of his criticism of American institutions, Mr. Kirk keeps to British and American writers, and Burke provides both his starting-point and his typical instance. For English readers the fairly full treatment of American statesmen such as John Adams, Calhoun and Randolph of Roanoke will be especially interesting, but Mr. Kirk has also plenty to say about Coleridge, Newman, Sir Fitzjames Stephen, W. H. Mallock and other English thinkers of a conservative tendency.

The book, therefore, is an account of the political thinking associated with the opposition to doctrinaire theories of equality in English-speaking countries from the time of the French Revolution. Mr. Kirk has perhaps exaggerated the extent to which this has been a rearguard action and has underestimated the moderating influence which it has been able to exercise. In any case the principles involved transcend the level of a party manifesto and belong to political philosophy.

While the massive and concrete nature of political thinking limits

the possibility of absolute political principles and leaves a wide field of expediency, the principle which emerges all the more clearly on this account is the principle of freedom. The freedom of individuals and of groups is not be restrained without evident social need. Mr. Kirk demands respect on the part of the state for the pleasing variety of human character and human institutions. Attempts to impose uniformity for the sake of some narrow principle of the supposed best are mistaken because there is in detail no single standard of the best for everybody. The concentration of coercive power which constitutes the state exists for the sake of justice, and the paternalistic use of this power for ends other than the needs of justice is an excess. Individual improvement is a matter for the individual himself and for the maternal exhortations of the Church.

Mr. Kirk agrees with St. Thomas and Locke in finding the safeguard of personal freedom in the institution of private property, and, more generally, calls for the restoration of the moral background of a sound political outlook, which must be very different from the complacent materialism of Bentham and his followers. Of Bentham he speaks with unusual but justified severity.

Totally deficient in the higher imagination, unable to grasp the nature of either love or hate, Bentham ignored spiritual aspiration in man; and, as if to balance the scale, he never spoke of sin. National character, the immense variety of human motives, the power of passion in human affairs—these he omitted from his system; he radiated an absolute confidence in the human reason. Taking his own personality for the incarnation of humanity, he presumed that men have only to be shown how to solve pleasure-and-pain equations, and they will be good; their interests will lead them to co-operation and diligence and peace. He was the narrowest of moralists; and he was the most complacent of political theorists.

In opposition to all that is most characteristic of Benthamism men must be humble enough to recognize that they can do little as individuals or in one particular generation and that they may do great harm if they try to do too much. They should respect the acquisitions of the past, fragmentary and imperfect though they be, because they realize that what they can do themselves will be equally fragmentary and imperfect. In the end they must look on even the best of human laws and political institutions as attempts to approximate to a natural justice which goes beyond them, and they must not exaggerate their individual claims on the world and on society. "The true natural rights of men," says Mr. Kirk, "are equal justice, security of labour and property, the amenities of civilized institutions, and the benefits

of orderly society." Other and more inflated lists of natural rights are invitations to disappointment and envy.

The book is an admirable theme for meditation. It enforces political truths which have too long been forgotten or obscured. It is a real contribution to the restoration of social stability and the recovery of that sobriety and dignity in politics which comes from a due sense of purpose within a context which transcends human passions.

D. J. B. HAWKINS

VIET-NAM CATASTROPHE

Father Six, by Mgr. A. Olichon, translated by Barbara Wall (Burns and Oates 9s 6d).

THIS IS A SAGA OF CREATION, and now, it would seem, of destruction: it is much more than the history of a band of heroes and of one in particular. Pierre Huu (afterwards surnamed Triem, and indeed accumulating several other names) was an Annamite born in 1825. In that very year a new emperor forbade all French missionaries to enter Annam, and in 1833 began a persecution of hideous cruelty. The Vicar Apostolic of Cochin China was beheaded; another priest suffered the "torture of a hundred wounds," and his head was carried round the terror-struck villages; yet another had every limb torn off. Bishop after bishop disappeared, yet never were recruits for the clergy lacking. Pierre entered the junior seminary, aged nineteen, well aware of what might be his destiny. And in 1851 another emperor, Tu-Duc, attacked the Christians yet more savagely: all priests "whether or no they had trodden on the crucifix" were to be sawn in half: so, too, anyone who concealed a European even for one day was to be sawn up the middle. The French, making fumbled and futile "demonstrations," did but encourage the tyrant. The sufferings of quite young Christians baffle belief. Thus, Pierre's young brother, Jean Phap, had half his flesh torn off with red-hot pincers: one, who had refused to tread on the crucifix but had allowed himself to be *carried over it*, returned, broken-hearted but urged on by his mother, to "give back" to the mandarin his act of apostasy. He was trampled to death by elephants. Pierre himself was almost torn to rags by scourging and the "cold pincer," which seized a piece of flesh, twisted and pulled it out. From Hanoi he was sent to an "exile colony," Langson, where his little brother died in his arms. Yet he was ordained priest in 1860, called "Six" because of the quaint custom of naming candidates by the number of the "order" they had received—Pierre had made such an impression as Deacon that he remained "Père Six" for ever. In 1865 he was made parish-priest of Phat-Diem. We pass over a period of chaos due to the vacillations and conflicting activities of French

politicians and officers, save to say that such was his learning and repute for incorruptibility that he was more than once chosen to negotiate between the French, restive Annamese, and the civil authority. In 1876 he began his *creative* career. The erosive Red River carries millions of tons of earth into the sea, so that the Delta grows annually by some fifteen miles in width and one hundred and ten yards in depth, and this so surely, that land can be bought and sold while still under sea-water. By means of dykes, canals and walls, Fr. Six reclaimed thousands of acres of this soil, driving planks one hundred feet deep, covering them with small stones trampled into a solid mass by buffaloes, and then safely building upon them. He got huge blocks of marble sunk into a canal to block Tong-king against French invasion; towering iron-wood tree-trunks, absolutely straight, to serve as pillars. He built a cathedral, two hundred and eighty feet long, eighty feet wide, and eighty feet high. The sides were panels that could slide away when the congregation overflowed the church. When Mr. Graham Greene paid his third visit here, the cathedral was a refuge for a whole population, Buddhist and Christian alike. Alas, that can no more be said. Besides the cathedral there were churches and chapels, a seminary, a convent for the deaf and dumb, and in each strip between the dykes or canals (seven miles long and three hundred and thirty yards wide) was a well-built village. Decorations began to be showered on Père Six by the French Government and even Tu-Duc; but when he died in 1883 nationalist risings began again, and the sappers who quelled the last one in 1886 were lead by the then Captain Joffre. During this time Père Six was actually made one of two viceroys, and used his authority without fear, but reverted as soon as he could to his role of parish-priest. As in building and decorating his churches he had used Annamite, not European, motifs, so did he adapt "devotions" to his people, who love best social and vocal worship. A climax was reached in the Holy Week Passion-play, which is so astounding that we refrain even from an outline-sketch of it. On 6 July, 1889 he died.

All this is within the area where over two million Catholics and two bishoprics have been already sacrificed to the invading Red Chinese. China, like India, does not disguise its intention of getting rid of all Europeans from within Asia. Hence already it is looking towards Burma, and India is, really, at the mercy (in its weakness) of strong China and strong Russia. If China looks also towards the eastward islands, as she will (Hong Kong; Formosa), there is nothing left but a world-war unless the fragments of Europe, and even the U.S.A. are so deeply divided within themselves that nothing can be foreseen but submission. We thank God for martyrdoms, but they seldom awake us from our somnolence, insularity and gullibility. Fr. Six's appalling tortures earned for him the right to have a population triumphantly

responsive to his call: that he was also a creative genius is quite secondary. Possibly England needs still some martyrs, and then we shall have the prophets to evoke builders of Jerusalem in our desolate land.

C. C. MARTINDALE

CATHOLIC INHERITANCE

The Western Fathers, translated and edited by F. R. Hoare (Sheed and Ward 18s).

The Anglo-Saxon Missionaries in Germany, translated and edited by C. H. Talbot (Sheed and Ward 16s).

THIS SERIES entitled *The Makers of Christendom*, under the general editorship of Mr. Christopher Dawson, may prove to be the most important gift of English scholarship offered not only to Catholics, but to all who realize and regret how unstudied large tracts of our history are. In most schools, presumably, English history still begins in 1066: in general, the Middle Age has within recent times become much better understood, but the Dark Age between the death of Augustine and, say, A.D. 1000 is still largely unnoticed. The first of these volumes includes short lives of SS. Martin of Tours, Ambrose, Augustine, Honoratus of Arles and Germanus of Auxerre, written by men who knew them, covering the period from A.D. 350 to 450 Mr. Hoare's method of translation is absolutely honest: the lives chosen indicate "quite different types of mind and literary levels," and he does not try to steam-roller their work into one style of his own, nor yet to correct "inconsistencies or illogicalities" when he meets them. To have done so would have been like removing his special flavour from each of the Synoptists. The invaluable Introduction makes us understand the society within which these authors wrote and what accordingly they took for granted—often by no means what we would. Mr. Hoare helps us to realize the structure of the Church, the position of the Pope and Bishops, the condition of the Liturgy in that period, the enormous value of the monastic life in so turbulent a world, the stage reached in the cultus of the saints and the relation of their "Lives" to legend and to history as we try to write it. Easy as it would be to rationalize away much of the miraculous element in these histories, we feel quite sure that men whose lives were based so entirely upon spiritual convictions would have found it only natural to perform acts and experience forces that transcend our closed universe. This volume, like the next one, is full of vivid touches which make the subjects come almost startlingly alive, and there is much, especially in the next volume, which is extremely amusing.

The Anglo-Saxon Missionaries in Germany contains Lives of SS. Willibrord, Boniface (with some of his letters), Sturm, Leoba and Lebuin, and the "Hodoeporicon" (pilgrimage to the Holy Land, 725) of St. Willibald—a cross-section of the religious life in the eighth century difficult to parallel elsewhere. Willibald's pilgrimage forms "a bridge between the works of Arculfus (670) and Bernardus Monachus (865)," and it might be entertaining to re-read Miss Prescott's *Jerusalem Journey*, giving an account of Friar Felix Fabri who went to Jerusalem in 1480 and again in 1483; a book reviewed here in May of this year. This volume of Mr. Talbot's is of special value in view of the 1200th anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Boniface occurring this year: we may refer to Mr. Dawson's article in *THE MONTH*, June 1954, which shows him to have been assuredly the greatest European of his age, without whom Alcuin himself could not have achieved half of what he did. We have often felt it shocking that so little Catholic history should have been taught us. For too many their Faith has been diagrammatic, as bloodless as the Catechism. We wish for no antiquarianism, but we do want the Church to stand revealed as three-dimensional and alive—as Christ, in short, growing towards His maturity.

If Mr. Dawson continues his general editorship of many a volume like these, he will be adding crown after crown of gratitude to his career, and, better still, creating generations of Catholics better aware of their inheritance.

C. C. MARTINDALE

SAD OLD WORLD

The End of an Old Song, by J. D. Scott (Eyre and Spottiswoode 12s 6d).

BEHOOLD ON THE JACKET a magnificent country house set against a wintry background of pine and moor. "Suitable for conversion to school or institution" is clearly scribbled all over it. Scarcely necessary then to reveal its fate, an end as evident as the back page of *The Times*. The place gets burnt.

This has happened before to the fictional mansion. It happened to Thornfield Hall. Only nowadays when it comes to novels only a tiny percentage of the more than bijoux houses seem to finish the course, such that a person brought up entirely on modern romances is left wondering how there can possibly be any houses with over twelve bedrooms left to burn down.

This one, Kingisbyres, gets off to a poor start with only a cranky laird and a Cockney butler to help shovel it along. "It can't last long," we say. But we are wrong. Halfway round and limping badly Kingisbyres falls into the rejuvenating hands of one Harvey, a vulgar

biscuitmaker, who arrives in a Daimler, armed with brand-new croquet mallets, an aggressive wife and a hoyden of a daughter called Catharine. We feel like a crowd kept waiting for an execution. But on the last page, sure enough, our sadistic expectations are gratified. We leave the house in flames. It is of course the theme of the book. *The End of an Old Song*. *The Death of an Old World*. *Rome in Smoke*. Only here there is a variation in the score in that the house is destroyed more in anger than in sorrow by an infuriated Scotsman on the make. His name is Alastair Kerr, son of the laird by the local milkmaid or her equivalent, a boy who from earliest youth is quick at sums and drives the village car "with a look of brutality, pleasure and recklessness, all masked and still by pride."

Alastair's life is one long pursuit of power. Educated by the laird and a succession of scholarships he plans to be Lord Chief Justice but abandons the design in favour of American citizenship and high level economics. In the course of his progress he marries Catharine, having first made her "live all the way through to her fingernails"; then, having married her, he beats her, quarrels with her mother, drops a lighted cigarette and departs plus wife and bairn to New York, where a watercolour of Kingisbyres hangs in his flat.

This somewhat drastic solution of his mother-in-law difficulties, coming on top of Alastair's previously hectic career, gives the story a revolutionary flavour, emphasized by the cool and expert style in which it is told by his school friend Patrick Shaw. It is a story which conveys to the reader a taste of anger and bitterness that one feels must be the Scottish counterpart to the more absurd variety of English nostalgia, a nostalgia to which Patrick himself succumbs in a drugged moment, weighed down by a "misery of lost loves, lost causes, lost Kingisbyres." However, such moods are only a set-off to Alastair's successful energy, so that the resulting mixture will prove palatable to all those who like salt on their porridge rather than sugar.

Not all those, however, who, sharing this northern preference, enjoyed the clarity and observation with which the book was written, will agree with the publishers that *The End of an Old Song* "holds the reader not only by its story and people," which is true, but by "broaching universal feeling and values." For it is precisely the defect of books which broach universal feelings and values, that when the reader begins to suspect that the feelings and values expressed therein are not in point of fact universal and that the main film has not yet been shown, that characters in a book who think it has lose his sympathy and become parochialized. In such circumstances the only hope of their staying alive and not shrivelling into nothing, is a wild generosity of treatment on the part of the author; for Alastair, in this book, for instance, to be made more of a beast of a man and less of a

robot; for Catharine his wife to be made less of a tart and more of a slut of a woman. Without such humanizing treatment the best book "broaching universal values" runs the risk of becoming petty on the one hand and inhuman on the other.

Unfortunately Mr. Scott has precluded himself by the terms of his story from treating his characters in any but the coldest of fashions. They are professionally made, cut-glass creatures with a shocking inability to laugh at themselves until the reason has been pointed out to them. (Catharine, for example, is always open to a leg pull about non-existent peers.) Our sympathy for them, far from being lost, is at all times deliberately excluded; and the bleak impoverishment of feeling their presence inspires is further augmented by the atmosphere of disintegration in which they are forced to live. No one is ever properly at home in the surroundings in which they are put. Alastair, doubtful of his parentage, is always on the move. The Harveys are *nouveaux riches*. And so on. Uprooted firs on every side. The trouble is that all this character-drawing is deliberately done, the sensation of a chill wind from off the moors blowing through the keyhole most purposefully conveyed. I was left, as perhaps I was meant to, with a feeling of waste and a sincere hope that Patrick would bolt his north window, and warm his hands at the fire before going on with the story.

JOHN POELS

THREE FRENCH WRITERS

Mistral, by Rob Lyle; *Rivière*, by Martin Turnell; *Sartre*, by Iris Murdoch (Bowes and Bowes 6s each).

THESE STUDIES in the Modern European Literature and Thought series are concerned with one man whose influence was great before the first war and whose work may seem to have come to nothing; a second who was one of the most important literary influences in France between the wars; and a third whose influence cannot yet be fully assessed. For Miss Murdoch, Sartre, "whether as philosopher, politician or novelist is profoundly and self-consciously contemporary." Certainly he exercised a great influence especially on the young in France just after the Liberation and this influence, even if it is less than it was, continues. Quite rightly Miss Murdoch confines her analysis to the novels. She tries to show not only Sartre's thought but also something of its origin and its connection with other "modern" thought. So much has been packed into so small a space that it is perhaps unfair to wish that more consideration had been given to two external influences on Sartre—the influence of German ideas and the

Occupation. Consideration of these might have done more to explain Sartre's place among his countrymen, and to explain also why, even when he is most tragic, it is difficult to take him quite seriously.

Jacques Rivièrē might with justice be called the force behind the *Nouvelle Revue Française* from its foundation (he became secretary in 1911) until his death as editor in 1925. A mere list of contributors shows what his influence was in French letters. Mr. Turnell, though holding that a writer's work must be judged as a whole, has reasonably enough dealt more with Rivièrē's criticism than with his other work. Even so he finds room for a discussion of Rivièrē's religion and his politics. His theology is that of a literary critic, but his influence was deplorable. In the first of these judgments Mr. Turnell is charitable, while the second is not a harsh judgment, though perhaps it exaggerates the extent of the influence. As for the political writings, Mr. Turnell prefers the first part of *L'Allemand* to the second and gives an interesting analysis and criticism of *Le Français*. In his conclusion Mr. Turnell sums Rivièrē up as "one of the most characteristic representatives of contemporary French intellectual life" and as a "very distinguished" writer rather than a "great one."

The manuals of French literature cannot give much space to the *sélibres*. It is understandable, but a pity. The result is that even when he is not confused with the wind, Mistral is little more than a name to many. Mr. Lyle tries, not unsuccessfully, to give some idea of the bigness of the man who did so much for Provence, and who, though he wrote in Provençal, was far more than a regional poet. At times he spoils his effect by unnecessary attacks on so-called progressive ideas, but he does succeed in giving some of the feeling of the open air and breadth that is found in Mistral and that is so often missing from handbooks on thinkers. For this reason and because Mistral is so little known in England, this book is one of the more valuable in its series. Mr. Lyle's translations are at the very least superior to some French ones.

T. B. MURRAY

SHORTER NOTICES

The View from the Parsonage, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Cassell 10s 6d).

IT IS WITH REAL DELIGHT that we welcome another book by Miss Kaye-Smith, and find that its story is set in the Kent-Sussex world that is supremely hers, though the main part of the book deals with a world that must be unknown to the younger people of to-day —even the “island” of Ebony lies no more in the marshes between the two counties, but marshlands have been drained, roads are built, gaudy motor-buses carry the Rev. Mr. Chamberlin’s parishioners to cinemas and chain-stores, and the blight of vulgarity discolours their soberly dignified lives. Need we say that, first and foremost, she transmits to us, or, rather, she places us in the landscape, the atmosphere? Herein she has never failed: this latest book is, like the earliest, perfect. Nor does she fail when she admits us to the humble lives of those who let the years carry them along there, though not among these are to be found the tragedies and redemptions of the characters who play the leading parts. These (other than the teller of the story, the humane old clergyman himself) are above all a tolerant though teasing, out-of-date though educated atheist, Adam Cryall, an ex-clergyman become squire of Palster-in-Ebony, and his two daughters, Blanche and Lindsay, brought up, they too, to be atheists; a one-time co-clergyman with Adam, Edward Boutflower, who had become a Catholic and founded a large family (but we see relatively little of them), and the Lismores, the cadets of whose family had held the Palster incumbency when there were no male Cryalls available: but of neither do we see much. We are undoubtedly caught up into the friendship between the atheist squire and the parson; and with the amatory exploits of Blanche, which ended in a way, perhaps, insufficiently explained. Anyhow, both daughters clashed violently with the rigid rationalist. Blanche is given faith: Lindsay, we feel sure, really began by being able to see “ghosts”; but, trifling with her gift of clairvoyance, she lost it. Miss Kaye-Smith is the only writer that we know who has placed one scene in Le Puy-en-Velay and even Aubenas. Would we might look forward to a whole book in that astonishing world, even if she did not put St. John Francis Regis crashing his (most suitably!) volcanic way across it. The book ends quietly and rather sadly; but we can still rest our minds in the vision she conjures up of the uninjured countryside of not so long ago.

Rama Retold, by Aubrey Menen (Chatto and Windus 12s 6d).

VALMIKI undoubtedly wrote the second great Indian epic, the *Ramayana*; and critics have enjoyed extracting the original text from among Brahmin additions. Mr. Menen deprives himself of this scholastic entertainment, but compensates himself by making his own excisions, and adding many "fables" of his own invention. But happily he does not write in bogus Indian style, though bogus Chinese succeeded so admirably in *The Wallet of Kai Lung*, while stitching stories together is the method of *The Arabian Nights*, not that anyone, we suppose, now reads Burton. We are warned that the book is a parable, and very much of our own times, and the essence of the parable seems to be that a moment arrives when wise men turn their backs on the whole of existing civilization, as perforce did Rama, and the Buddha, and the early Christian monks. Are we advised to do likewise? Possibly; but so to apply the parable would be difficult, and to read it just for fun is easier, though we could have dispensed with some of the semi-bowdlerized scurrities. There are many sentences able to evoke a wry smile: "The Lord Chamberlain . . . as a rising politician had hoped that what he said would always be memorable: as a mature one, he depended on its being the reverse." We think the book is rather too long for the material it carries.

A River Full of Stars, by Elizabeth Hamilton (André Deutsch 12s 6d).

THE FIRM-LINED DRAWINGS of Agnes Lamont make a perfect contrast with Miss Hamilton's gossamer-web of memories. For her story is not absolutely continuous, like an official autobiography: the sunlight makes rainbows on the gossamer threads, or (if she prefers) star-light flashes back from swiftly-running ripples. She has not only an amazing memory for the tiny things even of childhood, a wonderful sense of colour and of atmosphere, but she sees how so much of this had its enduring results in the psychology it "built up." She gives a charming picture of life as it could be in Protestant Irish houses, and how in a lovely flower garden the small child had the sudden certainty that God was "with her"—an experience that of course she could not recapture, though she tried to. Like most children, she was with good reason sceptical about Santa Claus, though she cherished the legend—not that any toys could compete with living animals of whom she never was afraid, though she did not project her emotions on to them, but felt somehow that their life was *hers*. We follow her through the vicissitudes of her family's fortunes (including an almost Dickensian expedition to America, so forthwith faded was the golden dream), through her various schools, through

the moment when her awakening began and she wanted to be let alone, to be free to make her own mistakes, free from people being *kind!* No less lightly touched is the process of her becoming a Catholic and her actual reception. The story does not end there, but continues through her school-teaching days, which began in an East End convent with a fascinating mixed grill of children, through the suburbs to the school suitably housed in Lord Bath's home at Longleat. His old age and death are as discreetly as sympathetically recalled. In becoming a Catholic, Miss Hamilton has found much, but has lost nothing that at any time was precious. More careful proof-reading is, however, necessary and a few slips corrected in the new edition we hope for: the book referred to on p. 81 was the "Sorrows," not the "Sins," of *Satan*: the Greek lines on p. 125 need revision: SS. Cosmas and Damian are not Sante (p. 160); on p. 163, *horae* must be *hora*, and so forth. None of this detracts from a book as dream-like as any star-lit river, and as happy as a sunlit garden full of flowers and butterflies.

Strangers, by Antonia White (Harvill Press 10s 6d).

THIS IS A COLLECTION of seven stories, all written with Miss White's acute observation and sensitive choice of words. "The Saint" recaptures a convent-school atmosphere: of course it is the nun whom the children don't expect who gets canonized. "Aunt Rose's Revenge" gives scope to her rather sardonic humour: the other stories deal with a hysterical wife and a husband maybe as exasperating as exasperated; a woman in a mad-house; a neurotic spinster; a rich woman of unlimited and pathological selfishness; and a woman taken to see her husband in hospital, unrecognizable under bandages: she feels she has fallen back into half-love for him and says her rosary; unfortunately she had been taken to the wrong room and her husband has died in another. The verses prefixed to the book are pessimist and not without a touch of self-pity: the very musical poem at the end may help to explain the spiritual conflict only too evident in the book itself. But there is quite enough goodness in the world to make happiness possible, and, in a world so dismal for lack of faith, one could wish a Catholic writer to reveal the goodness and impart the happiness.

Thirty Stories, by Elizabeth Myers (Macdonald 12s 6d).

M^{R.} LITTLETON C. POWYS discovered these stories soon after his wife's death, and they make as it were a second volume to her *Good Beds Men Only* which appeared in 1948. These are in the same vein—she gives poetic expression to people who are themselves

inarticulate, as an early critic hoped she would do. Her "inarticulates" have plenty to say for themselves, but it is she who discerns the poetry lurking within their speech and gives it expression without false idealization. Sometimes, as in "The Angel that was a Gangster," coincidence may be a little over-worked: sometimes pathos trembles on the brink of sentimentality: and sometimes the tragedy is almost unbearable, as in "The Plea." But we do not think it is only because she has chosen so often an Irish setting for her stories that the barrier between here and the *au delà* seems to have grown, as she herself agreed, so thin. It is good art, and good spirituality, to offer you the supernatural, leaving you free, should yours be the unseeing eye, to disregard it. And if, by a happy metempsychosis, she can almost *be* many of her sorrowful misfits in life, still she is not tempted to forget that "Heaven" (as Chesterton put it) "is everywhere at home—the big blue cap that always fits." And in fact she has as true a respect for babies, half-wits and the lonely as for the drunk or the gangster. But she could not have dealt with a Pinkie, who (Graham Greene *thought*) was irredeemable. Not that he was.

Don Quixote de la Mancha, translated and abridged by Dr. W. Starkie. Decorations from the drawings of Gustave Doré (Macmillan 21s).

AS A RULE we prefer to do our own skipping, but sometimes we can trust another to do it for us, and assuredly Cervantes' book requires that we should read it selectively, and no less certainly Dr. Starkie can be trusted to select wisely. What is of exceptional value is his biographical prelude, for it shows us so clearly what manner of man Cervantes was, and how truly he was "in the skin" of his Knight even at his most fantastical. He and Shakespeare died within a few days of one another, but we unflinchingly must say that Shakespeare often is *not* in his character's skin, and that he reveals fully neither himself nor the country he lived in. That may sound shocking, but Dr. Starkie's section on the two writers may make it seem less so. No one can deny that Cervantes enables us to live in the Spain of his day with all its violent contradictions; and the Introduction helps us to begin, if no more, to understand in what sense Cervantes himself might be dazed as to where reality lay. This brings us, via Descartes, to Pirandello and the comments of Unamuno. What saved Cervantes from being a pessimist dreamer was undoubtedly his Faith and the fact that he was a Spaniard. Few Englishmen are likely ever to understand the proud peoples of Spain, but we are the more grateful to Dr. Starkie for giving us a clue in the hopeful search for understanding.

The Sources of Hojeda's "La Cristiada," by Sister Mary Edgar Meyer, O.S.F. (Michigan University Press; London, Geoffrey Cumberlege 40s).

HOJEDA WAS A SPANIARD who, after emigrating to Peru in 1590, joined the Dominicans in Lima. While teaching there he wrote *La Cristiada*, which is one of the great religious epics of the seventeenth century. It relates the story of the Passion of Our Lord from the Last Supper to His burial.

La Cristiada is a work of the Spanish Counter-Reformation and, in the spirit of that movement, turned the epic genre to the service of the Church. Contemporary writers were doing the same with the lyric, the novel and the drama in Spain.

Sister Meyer's study of the sources of *La Cristiada* reveals the breadth of Hojeda's scholarship and his wide-ranging use of all fields of literature and history. She shows how the work is, indeed, in itself an epitome of Spanish Golden Age learning, for then, as Lope de Vega said, the poet had to be acquainted with all fields of learning. And, in its own way, Hojeda's epic with its well-merited denunciation of abuses and its wholesome admonitions made a genuine contribution to the work of the Counter-Reformation.

This study, besides being important for students of Spanish, has much that will fascinate all interested in Christian legends and traditions. There is an excellent bibliography.

Selected Works, Volume I, by Rainer Maria Rilke (Hogarth Press 15s).

IT IS GOOD to have in convenient form a selection of the prose-writings of Rilke, translated finely by Gertrude Craig Houston, who did not live to see this book in print.

The choice of content has been decided by "englishing" the Prose Volume of the third edition of Rilke's *Ausgewählte Werke*, published by the Insel Verlag in 1948; but in place of *The Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge*, Miss Craig Houston substituted *The Rodin Book* (both First and Second Parts). So constituted, the volume contains many of the poet's most striking prose pieces: the lucidly weird conjecture on *Primal Sound*; the disturbing hypothesis on *Dolls*; the subtle account of "communication" with the natural world stated in *An Experience*; two splendidly original essays on landscape and landscape-painting; the gnostic "God-seeking" *Young Workman's Letter*; and, best of all, the seventy substantial pages on Rodin.

Now "selected works" have the responsibility of affording to many readers an introduction to the writer so selected; and in the case of a foreign author, this introductory function is all the more important.

It would seem necessary, then, that marginal or fragmentary compositions should have small place in such a volume—a condition by no means observed in this selection. There are too many “snippets” included here (*Notebook Entry*, *Memory*, *Concerning the Poet*, *An Encounter*); and too much “early” and “experimental” writing (the adolescently romantic *Cornet Christopher Rilke*, and excerpts from the “surrealistic” *Dream-Book*).

It is a pity that English readers, with their lesser knowledge of the poet, could not have been offered, in one volume, only the most mature of Rilke’s prose. This could have been done by replacing the slighter undeveloped pieces with a selection of Rilke’s magnificent letters, including the ten *Letters to a Young Poet* (the nearest thing to Keats’s Correspondence out of the English tongue).

The book has an introduction by J. B. Leishman, in which he speaks of Gertrude Craig Houston and her work. It is unfortunate, however, that this fine Rilke scholar could not have given us his helpful pre-fatory thoughts on the contents, as he has done in previous volumes.

Catholicism, by M. C. D’Arcy, S.J. (Clonmore and Reynolds 4s 6d).

IT IS GOOD to see a reissue of this valuable booklet, which originally appeared in the “Benn Series,” sad as it must be to recognize that it now costs nine times as much as it did in 1927. The work has been brought “up to date” by a new Introduction and a revised bibliography, but substantially it remains the same. Its value is none the less, indeed perhaps is somewhat enhanced, in that it bears out the author’s contention that the Church is, in fact, always up to date. Fr. D’Arcy’s treatment remains fresh and contemporary because of his great gift of getting to the essentials of any situation or institution, and in this work—slight in dimension but profound and immensely satisfying in scope—he has presented to Catholic and non-Catholic alike an inspiring and illuminating picture of a many-sided thing—“a kind of spiritual Helen, saluted now as the object of the world’s desire, now as the harlot of the new Troy of the Seven Hills.” This is a book which Catholics will cherish, honest inquirers will find invaluable and the Church’s enemies feel to be more than a little uncomfortable.

Christian by Degrees, by Walton Hannah (Augustine Press, 12s 6d).

HAVING SUCCEEDED beyond all anticipation in circulating very widely his carefully-argued work *Darkness Visible*, which brought into sharp relief the incompatibilities between Masonry and Christianity, Mr. Walton Hannah now follows this up with an account of the reception of his first book and with much new matter on

the more recondite branches of Masonry, in which some of its protagonists have claimed to find truly Christian features. "The English love anomalies and enjoy making them work," says Mr. Hannah, but one can only wonder how far it is really possible for an unreflecting Christianity to take part in "a worship in which all good men unite that each may share the faith of all." While men's minds were lulled by the philosophic optimism of the eighteenth century into thinking that the millennium was just round the corner, it may have been possible to acquiesce in a hotch-potch worship, as if all religions were soon about to be synthetized and one's own act was but anticipating the result to which all things were moving; but in a world of vastly different philosophic temper, where differences of belief hold men further apart than ever before, it would be idle to pretend that such syncretistic religious activity has any longer even the appearance of justification. Mr. Hannah's book will be read and consulted by friends and enemies alike for a long time to come.

Early Fathers from the Philokalia, translated by E. Kadloubovsky and G. E. H. Palmer (Faber 35s).

IT IS BETTER AND BETTER RECOGNIZED how great are the treasures of Eastern spirituality, and how terribly the West has suffered through allowing herself to be deprived of them. The *Philokalia* was made by two monks and first published in Greek in 1792: it consisted of extracts from the Fathers and aimed at showing traditional Christian spirituality from the earliest times. It was translated into Russian towards the end of the nineteenth century and much expanded. It is from this that the excerpts here given are translated. The Fathers chosen are St. Anthony the Great, St. Mark the Ascetic, Abba Evagrius, St. Nilus of Sinai, St. Abba Dorotheus, St. Isaac of Syria, St. Maximus the Confessor and the Blessed Theodore. Reasons for this choice are given: one is, these writers lived between the third and seventh century, before, that is, the definitive schism, though a few extracts from St. Gregory Palamas (c. 1296-1359) are added. St. Maximus' four "Centuries on Love" remind us of his close association with Pope St. Martin; these two saints suffered such appalling torture at the hands of the Monothelites that they rank among martyrs: Martin died in 655; Maximus in 622. This volume follows that called *Writings from the Philokalia on Prayer of the Heart* (1951). Both take care to overlap as little as possible with work published elsewhere (e.g., by the Cerf editions in France). It is clearly impossible to summarize the contents of a book consisting often of short aphorisms, ascetical and mystical in character, yet adapted to souls at various levels of spirituality, but also, full of that shrewd knowledge of human nature that is to

be found in the Fathers of the Desert and oriental monasticism in general. Of course, a close comparison should be made between these and all Western mystical writers, not least those of the post-Renaissance, to whom this treasure-house of doctrine and illustration no more lay open. We pray that the slender rivulet of Catholic spirituality, enriched by oriental sources, may flow yet more strongly in this hour when devastating floods from the East, near or far, threaten to overwhelm us. This book, so scholarly and heartening, will link up with what we are now learning about St. John of the Cross and indeed about St. Ignatius.

Essays with a Purpose, by Salvador de Madariaga (Hollis and Carter 15s).

THIS IS A COLLECTION of "essays and addresses on various occasions" which have been published or broadcast within the last few years. Sr. de Madariaga is at his best in the essay, particularly in the essay of interpretation and in satire. *Spain and the West* reminds us that far from being the enemy of the West, as a recent observer thinks, she "is and will remain for ever a reservoir of human energy due to this human sense that insists on the here and now of the whole manhood of man." In *Spain and the Jews* the author gives us a moving account of the osmosis of Iberia and Israel during so many centuries, and examines with the charity of scientific objectivity their mutual irritation and its tragic consequences.

If the past be contemplated with historical detachment, there is nothing to prevent Spain and her Jews from co-operating to organize the Spanish-speaking world within the new order of world affairs under the guidance of reason, so that, again in the words of Espinosa [Spinoza], this Hispanic world may persevere in its own being.

Spanish Tradition contrasts the bull-fight with boxing, with a hint of puritanism about betting. Will Sr. de Madariaga please write an essay comparing bull-fighting with cricket, where there is no betting either? A humorous piece deplores the complacency of the English about their supposed practicality, which Sr. de Madariaga roundly denies; his unpracticality he attributes to a dislike of generalization: "he will remain unpractical rather than generalize." How wise the Englishman would be if Sr. de Madariaga were indeed right. "Hasty generalization is the bane of all science" yields the O.E.D. from the great Tait at a mere flick of the finger. But has not Sr. de Madariaga noticed how very prone the Englishman is to generalize about foreigners, especially when abroad and particularly (not to generalize) when in Sr. de Madariaga's own country? But there are eleven other pieces; one each evening after dinner will give pleasure for a fortnight.

Mary Magdalene, by Fr. R. L. Bruckberger, O.P.; translated by H. L. Binsse (Hutchinson 12s 6d).

SINCE we cannot offer an adequate criticism of this book, we will briefly state, first, the account that the author himself places first. Mary belonged to a great Sadducean family with a town house near Jerusalem and a country house by the Lake of Galilee. She was "Greek to her finger-tips," had had a dancing-master from Ephesus or Eleusis; had studied Diotima's speech, in Plato's *Symposium*, on free love as the way of reaching wisdom; had been told about Cleopatra by a "young and handsome cousin from Alexandria"; and at night "tossed on her bed, clenched her fists, and said in her heart 'I also shall be a Queen Cleopatra or Phryne the courtesan.'" From Magdala she was absorbed into Herod's court at Tiberias nearby, whither too was brought the Baptist. The Magdalene and Salome both did their best to seduce him. John was decapitated. At this point, Mary was seized by an appalling disfiguring disease: she fled from the court in despair, but Joanna, wife of Herod's steward Chuza, spoke to her of Jesus who miraculously cured her. "Wisdom is vindicated by all her children" is a "hinge-text": Christ stands at the joining-point of the Hebrew and Hellenic traditions: the Baptist's mission did not die with him, for it was now "the turn of the last of the Platonic prophets, the successor of Diotima and of Phryne, to bear Him her witness." She did so at the Anointing in the house of Simon the Leper. And in the resurrection of Lazarus, she, now Magdalen-Antigone, by her tears "made him a man like ourselves." The author, then, admits only one "Mary," and also, the substance of the tradition of the miraculous transfer of the Bethany-family and others to Provence, where Mary spent the rest of her life at the Ste. Baume, and lies buried in the ancient church of St. Maximin of Aix.

Since this outline of the Magdalen-Phryne story will astonish readers, we may point out that Fr. Bruckberger is a man of wide and varied interests, literary and artistic, was (we are told) Chaplain-General of the French Resistance, and does not consider the promises made in this book will be kept till a second shall have appeared dealing with the Magdalen's "religion" (are we right in supposing that in the original the word stood more nearly for our "cult"? She did not, presumably, found a "religion," *i.e.*, a religious order; but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there was an intensely fervent cult of her), and with the position she holds "in the heart of the Church and in Christendom—in tradition, in art, in civilization." Meanwhile, Appendices, translated from the French by Sister Mary Camille Bowe, O.S.F., deal with the exegetical problem set by the identity of the Magdalen, the woman in Simon's house and Mary of Bethany

—or their diversity; with the Hellenization of the Magdalen, etc. Finally, notes deal with somewhat the same, and other points. The text needs a more accurate revision: *Quoerunt*, (p. 125) for *Quaerunt*; *Chatexes* (p. 219) for *Kathexes*; "woman" (p. 220) for "women." The book is certainly original and invites comments.

Le Peril Mental, by Dr. M. Verdun, S.J. (Emmanuel Vitte 1200 frs).

THE CONTRIBUTION that Kretschmer has made to the study of temperament in relation to body structure has been a lasting one. Some psychologists have, however, expressed certain misgivings in regard to it because the observations on which it was based were mainly of an intuitive sort. In so far then as Fr. Verdun's study has, whilst employing more accurate methods and morphological criteria, shown the validity of Kretschmer's original conclusions, such misgivings may have been allayed. *Le Peril Mental* would seem then at first sight an odd title for a work of which this is, perhaps, the most important component, were it not for the fact that, unlike many another present-day research psychologist, Fr. Verdun sees his work in the larger context of mental hygiene, to which he considers it can make a genuine contribution. In his vigorous style he outlines the magnitude of the practical problem of dealing with the mental disorder of the world of our time. The figures he quotes certainly lend urgency to his plea. Thereafter follows a description of five types of maladjusted personality (three are characters sketched by Kretschmer and two by Dupré) and shows, with a rare wealth of example, how these characters have appeared in the family and in public, in history and in politics, in Church and in State. The methods by which these misfits can be diagnosed and forestalled are then brought forward: here is the point of the thesis.

Whilst in his more "professional" moments, Fr. Verdun not only seems at home amongst the most frightening terminology, and even goes so far as to add to it, one has the feeling that each point of his argument is supported by a mass of evidence succinctly mastered. It is perhaps only in the choice of categories under which that evidence is marshalled that the author has been selective without saying so.

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